

77.108.

P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. RIVINGTON, at the *Bible*
and *Crown* in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

M. DCC. XXXIV.





To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, *Earl of Orrery.*

My Lord,



 Lately receiv'd a Letter from Mrs. Barber; wherein she desires my Opinion about dedicating her Poems to your Lordship; and seems in Pain to know how far she may be allow'd to draw

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your Character, which is a Right claim'd by all Dedicators. And she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprizing Instances of your Generosity and Favour that she hath already receiv'd, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish where-ever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your Lordship's Advantage, will be interpreted as the mere Effect of Flattery, under the Style and Title of Gratitude.

I sent her Word, that I could be of no Service to her upon this Article: Yet I confess, my Lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her Encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing Spirit of Thankfulness, as well as to the humble Opinion she hath of herself. Altho' the World in general may possibly continue in its usual Sentiments, and list her in the common Herd of Dedicators.

There-

Therefore, upon the most mature Deliberation, I concluded that the Office of setting out your Lordship's Character, will not come properly from her Pen, for her own Reasons: I mean the great Favours you have already conferr'd on her. And God forbid, that your Character should not have a much stronger Support. You are hourly gaining the Love, Esteem, and Respect of wise and good Men: And in due Time, if Mrs. Barber can but have a little Patience, you will bring them all over in both Kingdoms, to a Man: I confess, the Number is not great; but that is not your Lordship's Fault, and therefore, in Reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the Topicks she intends to insist on; Your Learning, your Genius, your Affability, Generosity, the Love you bear to your native Country, and your Compassion for this; the Goodness of your Nature, your Humility, Modesty, and

and Condescension, your most agreeable Conversation, suited to all Tempers, Conditions, and Understandings: Perhaps she may be so weak to add the Regularity of your Life, that you believe a God and Providence, that you are a firm Christian, according to the Doctrine of the Church establish'd in both Kingdoms.

These and other Topicks I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the Dedication of her Poems to your Lordship; but I think she will better shew her Prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my Lord, I cannot disapprove of her Ambition, so justly plac'd in the Choice of a Patron; and at the same Time declare my Opinion, that she deserveth your Protection on account of her Wit and good Sense, as well as of her Humility, her Gratitude, and many other Virtues. I have read most of her Poems; and believe your Lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending

ing to the Reproof of some Vice or Folly, or recommending some Virtue. She never writes on a Subject with general unconnected Topicks, but always with a Scheme and Method driving to some particular End; wherein many Writers in Verse, and of some Distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical Genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her Sex, or the Scene she hath acted in, as the Wife of a Citizen. Yet I am assured, that no Woman was ever more useful to her Husband in the Way of his Business. Poetry hath only been her favourite Amusement; for which she hath one Qualification, that I wish all good Poets possess'd a Share of, I mean, that she is ready to take Advice, and submit to have her Verses corrected, by those who are generally allow'd to be the best Judges.

I have, at her Intreaty, suffer'd her to take a Copy of this Letter, and given her the Liberty
to

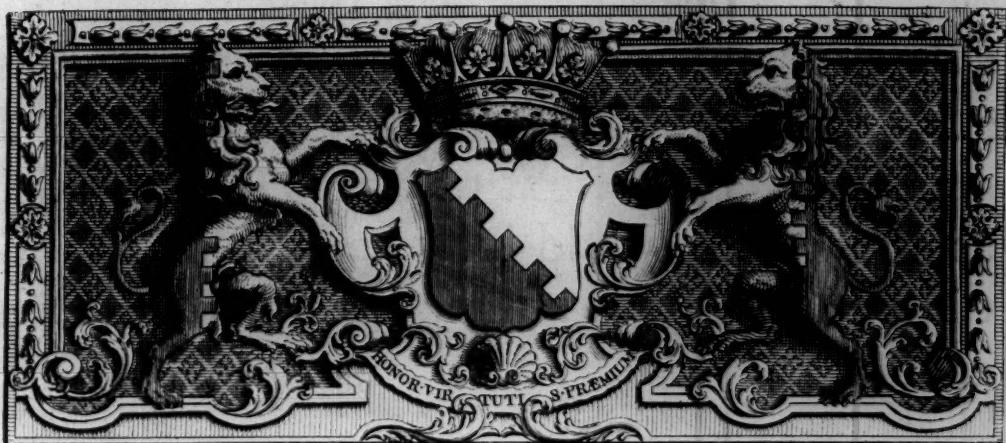
*to make it public. For which I ought to
desire your Lordship's Pardon: But she was of
Opinion it might do her some Service; and
therefore I comply'd. I am, my Lord, with
the truest Esteem and Respect,*

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient Servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dublin, August
20. 1733.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, Earl of Orrery.

My Lord,

L T H O' Dr. SWIFT, in the foregoing Letter to your Lordship, which he has done me the Honour to permit me to publish, hath but slightly touch'd upon your numerous Virtues, as well as your Learning and Abilities; (probably with a Design of leaving me Room to

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enlarge

enlarge upon each) yet I should think it as great a Presumption in me, to imagine I could add any Weight to what He hath said, as the World would look upon it in an ordinary Painter, to attempt to fill up a Sketch of RAPHAEL.

THOSE who know how fearless Dr. SWIFT hath ever been in *satirizing Vice* in the highest Stations, will never suspect his *Praise* of the Great to proceed from any thing, but the Desire of doing Justice to uncommon, unfullied, Merit.

BESIDES, my Lord, were I ever so zealous and able to do Justice to your Character, yet I am taught by the same Dr. SWIFT, that Characters are never so ill plac'd, or so little believ'd, as in *Dedications*, of Attempters in Poetry in particular, who seldom fail to celebrate principally the Patron's Liberality, for a very manifest Reason: But, in that Article, your Lordship has wholly prevented

vented me, by an *unask'd* and *continu'd* Bounty, much above my Expectation.

THE Expatiating upon the Patron's Modesty, generally makes another pompous Paragraph in Writings of this kind: In this, I must own, no Dedicator ever had a more ample Field; as all who know your Lordship, will agree; but 'tis so beaten a Path, that I shall only say, (what I have often thought) that Modesty is to your other Excellencies, what *Butler* says Light is to the Moon,

— *Both their Lustre and their Shade.*

IF I should, my Lord, attempt to number up your many Virtues, I fear the World would allow you but little Merit from them; nay, I doubt the refining Casuists would call some of them Sins; they might say you have so strong a Propensity to humane and generous Actions, that you cannot forbear indulging yourself in them.

THE Goodness of your Nature gave you an early Disposition to filial Piety ; and filial Piety was easily improv'd into conjugal Fidelity and Affection. A good Son, and a good Husband, are Characters that include whatever is most amiable in human Nature ; at least, if Mothers and Wives, may be allowed for Judges : And we are not surprized, or rather, we naturally expect, to find in them, the tender Parent, the humane Master, and the generous Friend.

IT must indeed be own'd, that the Merit of *Genius* is of another Species ; nor will it ever be thought an easy Task to shine remarkably in a Race, so early and so long distinguish'd for great Talents and Accomplishments, as the Family of BOYLE is allow'd to be. And therefore this, my Lord, must always make a considerable Part of your Praise, that you add new Lustre to your greatest Predecessors.

B U T,

BUT, altho' what Dr. SWIFT hath said of your Lordship, cannot be suspected to proceed from any other Motive than Justice; yet I have Reason to think, his Humanity hath greatly influenc'd him, in the Honour he hath done me by that Letter; since it must be allow'd, that he is not more remarkable for his Genius, than for his distinguis'h'd Generosity, in endeavouring to place the Writings of others in an advantageous Light.

I HAVE often thought, my Lord, when I have been reading Dedications, that it was very odd in Authors, to confess they had already receiv'd great Favours, and yet request a greater, in desiring Protection for their Writings: But since it has happen'd to be my own Case, I now view it in another Light; and affirm, that nothing could more shew a true Grandeur of Soul in the greatest of Mankind, than the supporting the Dependence,

dence, which their Patronage had encourag'd.

*So Providence on Mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.*

THE quoting these Lines from Dr. SWIFT, puts me in mind of a fine Reflection of his, upon hearing some generous Actions of your Lordship's: One in particular; That upon refusing to give your Protection, as a Peer, to a Person in Distress, you soften'd that Refusal, (the Effect of your natural Love of Justice) by a considerable Present. His Reflection was this: That, *having no Vices to feed, you had more Supplies for Beneficence.*

How shall I express the Sense I have of that great Goodness, wherewith you condescended to distinguish me, when I was a Stranger in *England*; and after that, bounteously to enrich me in *Ireland*, at a Time when my Want of Health made your Generosity the more valuable. I have your Let-

ter

ter before me, wherewith I was honour'd upon that Occasion : Which thus concludes,

" If you think you owe any Thanks on this Account, remember to whom they are due, — to a Being, who, I hope, will one Day put it in my Power; to shew my self to many others, as well as to you, a Sincere Friend."

FORGIVE me, my Lord, for mentioning what you charged me to conceal ; believe me, it is with the utmost Confusion I knowingly offend against such infinite Modesty ; but a Favour conferr'd with so much Virtue and Piety, ought never to be hidden ; and no Words, but your own, could do it Justice.

WITH what Delicacy do you oblige ! The Mind that is indebted to You, is sure never to have Occasion, from your Conduct, to make this grating Reflection — *This I must bear for my Obligations.* — You, my Lord, have condescended to treat me with more Goodness, (if possible) since I have been so

much

much indebted to you, than before; nor have you ever neglected any one Circumstance that could increase the Value of your Favours. To you, my Lord, was given the peculiar Felicity of knowing how to treat those below you, in such a Manner, as to make them think it a *Blessing*, to have *Superiors*. This Excellence hath, I doubt not, been happily experienc'd by many others; but surely by none more sensibly, than by,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Oblig'd, and

Most Dutiful

Humble Servant,

Mary Barber.



THE P R E F A C E.



Am sensible that a Woman steps out of her Province whenever she presumes to write for the Press, and therefore think it necessary to inform my Readers, that my Verses were written with a very different View from any of those which other Attempters in Poetry have proposed to themselves: My Aim being chiefly to form the Minds of my Children, I imagin'd that Precepts convey'd in

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Verse

Verse would be easier remember'd, and that their being obliged to repeat them in School, would greatly contribute, not only to fix them more firmly in the Mind, but to give early a proper and graceful Manner of speaking. Nor was I ever known to write upon any other Account, till the Distresses of an Officer's Widow set me upon drawing a Petition in Verse, having found that other Methods had proved ineffectual for her Relief.

THE Petition was to my Lady CARTERET, during the Time of my Lord CARTERET's Government in Ireland, and sent inclosed to Mr. TICKELL, in a Letter without a Name. It was my Felicity, as well as the Petitioner's, to have the Petition recommended with great Generosity, and received with uncommon Goodness; that excellent Lady interested herself with so much Zeal for the distressed Widow, that a considerable Sum was raised for her Relief;

Relief; and in this, as well as upon many other Occasions, set a Noble Example to those in exalted Stations, not only to give, but never to think themselves too Great to sollicit for the Unfortunate: Nor did her Ladyship rest there, but endeavoured to find out the Author, whom She hath ever since condescended to patronize with continual Acts of Goodness.

I mention this not only from a Motive of Gratitude, but likewise to encourage others to excite the Great to generous and charitable Actions; since the Author providentially found, to her Felicity, that the writing the Petition above-mention'd, gain'd her the Protection of that whole Noble Family.

THIS Reflection naturally recalls to my Mind another Advantage derived to me from a like Endeavour to relieve Distress. The Case was this: An English Gentlewoman,

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who had lived for some Years in Ireland in Plenty and Splendour, was at length reduced to unhappy Circumstances, by unavoidable Misfortunes, which occasion'd her to request of me (when I was going for England) to get a Pair of Diamond Ear-rings disposed of for her, which she thought might be done to some little Advantage if they were raffled for. I endeavour'd to serve her, and was generously assisted in that Endeavour by Dr. ARBUTHNOT; the Ear-rings were raffled for at Tunbridge-Wells, and won by the Lord BOYLE, (now Earl of ORRERY). His Lordship hearing that the unfortunate Gentlewoman who had once owned them, had liv'd long in great Prosperity, inquir'd for the Person commission'd to dispose of the Jewels, and in a most generous manner (although he had then a Family, and was not possess'd of his Estate) desir'd I would restore them to her again.

I think

I think it my Duty to make this known, for two Reasons; first, that all those who were so good as to put in for the Ear-rings, from a Motive of Charity, may be convinc'd they were not impos'd upon; since the Gentlewoman to whom they were return'd, when the present Earl of ORRERY was lately in Ireland, took that Opportunity of acknowledging the Favour to his Lordship: And next to observe, that the little Trouble I had upon that Occasion, hath prov'd a great Blessing to me, as it first gained me the Honour and Happiness of being known to his Lordship, now my great Patron and Benefactor.

I should not have run the Hazard of offend-ing the Noble Persons I have mention'd, by publishing these Instances of their Goodness, but that my Reasons were too important to be sacrificed to the greatest Modesty; besides, I could

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I should not have run the Hazard of offending the Noble Persons I have mention'd, by publishing these Instances of their Goodness, but that my Reasons were too important to be sacrificed to the greatest Modesty; besides, I could

I could wish that those whose Example might be of Service to Mankind, would remember what Divines tell us, that the two Texts, Let your Light so shine before Men, and Let not your Left-hand know what your Right-hand doeth, however seemingly opposite, are easily reconciled.

MY Want of Health, which I had Reason to think was occasion'd by a sedentary Life, and the Hopes of obtaining a Favour which some Persons of great Worth and Eminence had requested for me of the Lord CARTERET, (just before his Lordship left Ireland) prevailed with me to take a Voyage for England; but as the Government of Ireland was soon after chang'd, my Hopes of Success vanish'd.

WHILST I was then in England, I wrote some few occasional Verses, and was encouraged to print them by several Persons of Quality

*Quality and Distinction, who generously offer'd
to sollicit a Subscription for me. This, added
to the Goodness of some Men of Genius, who
with great Condescension undertook to correct
what I had written, together with the Prospect
of some Advantage to my Family, drew me
into a Resolution of publishing the following
POEMS; but with what Diffidence and Re-
luctance, those who best know me, can bear
me Witness.*

*I am not ignorant, that the acknowledging
Favours from the Great, upon Occasions of
this Nature, hath been finely rallied by a
powerful Hand; yet the Fear of being thought
vain, shall not binder me from doing myself
the Justice to declare, that I have the highest
Sense of the generous Treatment I have met
with from many of the Nobility and Gentry
of England. Surely there was something truly
Noble in their condescending to treat an obscure
Person, a Woman, and a Stranger, with so
much*

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much Goodness, which I shall ever gratefully remember, nor think myself the less indebted there, although I am convinc'd that the Foundation of this Felicity was laid, next to Providence, in the Recommendation with which Dr. SWIFT had honour'd me, to whom I am obliged beyond Expression.

WHEN I mention the Favours I met with from Strangers, I should be very ungrateful if I did not acknowledge, that I have also been highly obliged to many Persons of the greatest Merit in Ireland. It is my Happiness to have received Encouragement from many in both Kingdoms, to whom it is an Honour to be indebted; and I flatter myself, that they will never have Cause to repent of that Generosity, at least if my Intention (which I hope will be allow'd good) can atone for my Performance.

THE

THE Affairs of my Family having called me back to Ireland, before my Subscription was finished, I was so unhappy as to be long confined there by my Want of Health, which prevented me from paying my Debt to my Subscribers, as soon as I ought to have done ; and since my Return hither, a new Perplexity hath obliged me to trespass further upon their Patience : But as those Delays have been occasioned by my Misfortunes, I hope they will not be imputed as my Fault.

SHOULD it be ask'd, What has the Publick to do with Verses written between a Mother and her Son ? I answer, That as nothing can be of more Use to Society than the taking early Care to form the Minds of Youth, I publish some of the Verses written by me with that View, when my Son was a School-

boy, as the best *Apology* a Woman could make for writing at all; and those written since by him, as Instances of that *Filial Piety*, which, I flatter myself, was in some measure the Consequence of the Care it hath amply rewarded.

I hope I shall be excused for publishing Poems written in my Commendation, since I can plead great Precedents for doing so; and whether my own Verses shall be approv'd of by my Subscribers or not, it is a Pleasure to me to think that those written by other Hands, will always make this Collection of Value.

THE Poems written in my Favour by Mrs. GRIERSON, will, I think, be allow'd to do Honour to the Female Sex in general, as they are a strong Proof that Women may have so much Virtue, as, instead of depreciating,

ciating, to endeavour to raise the Character of each other. To her known Friendship for me, the Reader must attribute the great Partiality she has there shewn; nothing else could have thus biass'd her Judgment: which I am so conscious of, that those Poems should never have appeared in this Collection, but that from her abundant Regard to me, she made me promise, a little before her Death, to publish them upon this Occasion.

THE Author of those Verses was born in the County of Kilkenny in Ireland, and was one of the most extraordinary Women that either this Age, or perhaps any other, ever produc'd. She died in the Year 1733, at the Age of 27, and was allow'd, long before, to be an excellent Scholar, not only in Greek and Roman Literature, but in History, Divinity, Philosophy, and Mathematicks. She gave a Proof of her Knowledge

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ledge in the Latin Tongue, by her Dedication of the Dublin Edition of Tacitus to the Lord CARTERET, and by that of Terence to His Son, to whom she likewise wrote a Greek Epigram. She wrote several fine Poems in English, on which she set so little Value, that she neglected to leave Copies behind her but of very few.

WHAT makes her Character the more remarkable, is, that she rose to this Eminence in Learning merely by the Force of her own Genius, and continual Application.

SHE was not only happy in a fine Imagination, a great Memory, an excellent Understanding, and an exact Judgment, but had all these crown'd by Virtue and Piety; she was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, too knowing and too clear-sighted to be irreligious.

IF

IF Heaven had spared her Life, and blessed her with Health which She wanted for some Tears before her Death, there is good Reason to think, She would have made as great a Figure in the learned World, as any of her Sex are recorded to have done.

AS her Learning and Abilities raised her above her own Sex, so they left her no Room to envy any ; On the contrary, her Delight was to see Others excell : She was always ready to advise and direct those who apply'd to her ; and as willing to be advis'd.

SO little did she value Herself upon her uncommon Excellencies, that it has often recall'd to my Mind, a fine Reflection of a French Author. That Great Genius's should be superiour to their own Abilities.

I per-

I persuade my self that this short Account of so extraordinary a Woman, of whom much more might have been said, will not be disagreeable to my Readers; nor can I omit mentioning what I think is greatly to the Lord CARTERET's Honour, that when He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, He obtained a Patent for Mr. Grierson her Husband to be the King's Printer, and to distinguish and reward her uncommon Merit, had her Life inserted in it.

IT was truly worthy a Nobleman so eminent for Learning and great Abilities, to distinguish those Excellencies wheresoever He found them, as He did remarkably in many Instances during his Administration in Ireland.





A

L I S T O F T H E S U B S C R I B E R S.

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d

William

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<i>Mr. James Worsdale</i>	Y
<i>Mr. Stephen Winthrope</i>	<i>Sir William Yonge, Knight of</i>
<i>Mr. Thomas Withford</i>	<i>the Bath</i>
<i>Captain Thomas Whitney</i>	<i>Reverend Dr. Young</i>
<i>Mr. John Wilson</i>	<i>Mrs. Yate.</i>
<i>Mr. Richard Wilson</i>	

Since the above Names were sent to the Pres^s, the following have come to Hand.

<i>Mrs. Rebecca Beven</i>	<i>Mrs. Elizabeth Clark</i>
<i>Mrs. Deborah Buckle</i>	<i>Mrs. Anne Elliot</i>
<i>Mrs. Anne Barclay</i>	<i>Mr. Millington Hayford</i>
<i>Mrs. Elizabeth Barclay</i>	----- <i>Littleton, Esq;</i>
<i>Mrs. Patience Barclay</i>	



To



*To Mrs. MARY BARBER, under the Name of
SAPPHIRA : Occasion'd by the Encourage-
ment She met with in England, to publish
her Poems by Subscription.*

LONG has the Warrior's, and the Lover's Fire,
Employ'd the Poet, and ingross'd the Lyre ;
And justly too the World might long approve
The Praise of HEROES and of virtuous LOVE ;
Had Tyrants not usurp'd the HERO's Name,
Nor low Desires debas'd the LOVER's Flame ;
If on those Themes, all Triflers had not writ,
Guiltless of Sense, or Elegance, or Wit.

FAR different Themes We in thy Verses view ;
Themes, in themselves, alike sublime, and new :

Thy

Thy tuneful Labours all conspire to show
 The highest Bliss the Mind can taste below ;
 To ease those Wants, with which the Wretched pine ;
 And imitate Beneficence divine :
 A Theme, alas ! forgot by Bards too long ;
 And, but for Thee, almost unknown to Song.

SUCH wise Reflections in thy Lays are shown,
 As FLACCUS' Muse, in all her Pride, might own :
 So Elegant, and so Refin'd, thy Praise,
 As greatest Minds, at once, might mend and please :
 No florid Toys, in pompous Numbers dreft ;
 But justest Thoughts, in purest Stile, express :
 Whene'er thy Muse designs the Heart to move,
 The melting Reader must, with Tears, approve ;
 Or when, more gay, her spritely Satire bites,
 'Tis not to wound, but to instruct, She writes.

COUD ***, or ***, from the Tomb,
 Which shades their Ashes till the final Doom,

The

The dire Effects of vicious Writings view,
How wou'd they mourn to think what might ensue !
Blush at their Works, for no one End design'd,
But to embellish Vice, and taint the Mind !
No more their dear-bought Fame wou'd raise their Pride ;
But Terrors wait on Talents misapplied.

NOT so SAPPHIRA : her unfullied Strain
Shall never give her Soul one conscious Pain ;
To latest Times shall melt the harden'd Breast,
And raise her Joys, by making others blest.

THESE Works, which Modesty conceal'd in Night,
Your Candor, gen'rous BRITONS, brings to Light ;
Born, by your Arms, for Liberty's Defence ;
Born, by your Taste, the Arbiters of Sense :
Long may your Taste, and long your Empire stand,
To Honour, Wit, and Worth, from every Land.

Oh ! cou'd my conscious Muse but fully trace
The silent Virtues which SAPPHIRA grace ;

How

How much her Heart, from low Desires refin'd ;
How much her Works, the Transcript of her Mind ;
Her tender Care, and Grief for the Distrest ;
Her Joy unfeign'd, to see true Merit blest ;
Her Soul so form'd for every social Care ;
A Friend so gen'rous, ardent, and sincere ;
How wou'd you triumph in yourselves to find
Your Favours shewn to so complete a Mind ;
To find her Breast with every Grace inspir'd,
Whom first You only for her Lays admir'd.
Thus the great Father of the *Hebrew* State,
Who watch'd for weary'd Strangers at his Gate ;
The Good He thought conferr'd on Men unknown,
He found to more exalted Beings shown.

Dublin, Jan. 5. 1732.

Constantia Grierson.

POEMS



P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To the Hon^{ble}. Miss Carteret, now Countess
of Dysert.*

AIR Innocence, the Muse's loveliest Theme,
F On Acts of Mercy found thy rising Fame:
Let Others from frail Beauty hope Applause,
Plead Thou the Fatherless, and Widow's Cause;
Fly to your Mother, let each winning Grace
Engage Compassion for my helpless Race:

* Written when the Lord CARTERET was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and sent with the Widow Gordon's Petition.

So shall the wond'ring World be taught from thence,
Beauty is but your *Second Excellence*.

The Widow Gordon's Petition * :

To the Right Hon. the Lady Carteret.

WEARY'D with long Attendance on the Court,
You, Madam, are the Wretch's last Resort.
Eternal King ! if Here in vain I cry,
Where shall the Fatherless, and Widow fly ?

How blest are they, who sleep among the Dead,
Nor hear their Childrens piercing Cries for Bread !

WHEN your lov'd Off-spring gives your Soul Delight,
Reflect, how mine are irksome to my Sight :
O think, how must a wretched Mother grieve,
Who hears the Want she never can relieve !

* Written for an Officer's Widow.

On several Occasions.

3

A N *Evil* preys upon my helpless Son,
(How many ways the Wretched are undone !)
Cruel Distemper, to assault his Sight,
And rob him of his only Joy, the Light !
His Anguish makes my wearied Eyes o'erflow,
And loads me with unutterable Woe.

No Friendly Voice my lonely Mansion cheers,
All fly th' Infection of the Widow's Tears :
Ey'n those, whose Pity eas'd my Wants w th Bread,
Are now, O sad Reverse ! my greatest Dread.
My mournful Story will no more prevail,
And ev'ry Hour I dread a dismal Jail :
I start at each imaginary Sound,
And *Horrors have encompass'd me around.*

T R E M B L E, ye Daughters, who at Ease recline,
Lest ye should know a Misery like mine.

P O E M S

Ye now, unmov'd, can hear the Wretched moan,
And feel no Wants, yourselves oppres'd by none ;
Fly from the Sight of Woes, ye will not share,
And leave the helpless Orphan to despair.
But know, that dreadful Hour is drawing near,
When you'll be treated, as you've acted here :
To you no more the Wretched shall complain,
'Twill be *your* Turn to weep, and sue in vain.

NOT so the Fair, with God-like Mercy bless'd,
Who feels another's Anguish in her Breast ;
Who never hears the Wretched sigh in vain,
Herself distres'd, till she relieves their Pain.

THIS, Fame reports, Fair CARTERET, of You ;
This blest Report encourag'd me to sue.
O Angel Goodness, hear, and ease my Moan,
Nor let your Mercy fail in *me* alone !
So at the last Tribunal will I stand,
With my poor Orphans, plac'd on either Hand ;

There,

There, with my Cries, my SAVIOUR I'll assail ;
(For at *His* Bar the Widow's Tears prevail)
That she, who made the Fatherless her Care,
The Fulness of Cœlestial Joys may share ;
That She a Crown of Glory may receive,
Who snatch'd me from Destruction and the Grave.



Written



*Written in the Conclusion of a Letter to
Mr. Tickell, entreating him to recommend
the Widow Gordon's Petition.*

E TERNAL King, is there one Hour,
To make me greatly bless'd !
When shall I have it in my Pow'r
To succour the Distress'd ?

In vain, alas ! my Heart o'erflows
With useless Tenderness ;
Why must I feel Another's Woes,
And cannot make them less ?

Yet I this Torture must endure ;
'Tis not reserv'd for me,
To ease the Sighing of the Poor,
Or set the Pris'ners free.



A True TALE.

A MOTHER, who vast Pleasure finds
In modelling her Childrens Minds ;
With whom, in exquisite Delight,
She passes many a Winter Night ;
Mingles in every Play, to find
What Byass Nature gave the Mind ;
Resolving thence to take her Aim,
To guide them to the Realms of Fame ;
And wisely make those Realms their Way,
To Regions of eternal Day ;
Each boist'rous Passion to controul,
And early humanize the Soul ;
In simple Tales, beside the Fire,
The noblest Notions would inspire :

Her

Her Children, conscious of her Care,
Transported, hung around her Chair.

Of Scripture Heroes she would tell,
Whose Names they lis'd, ere they cou'd spell :
The Mother then delighted smiles,
And shews the Story on the Tiles.

At other Times, her Themes would be
The Sages of Antiquity :
Who left immortal Names behind,
By proving Blessings to their Kind.
Again, she takes another Scope,
And tells of ADDISON and POPE.

STUDIOUS to let her Children know,
The various Turns of Things below; —
How Virtue here was oft oppress'd,
To shine more glorious with the Bless'd ;

Told

Told TULLY's and the GRACCHI's Doom,
The Patriots, and the Pride, of *Rome*.
Then, blest the *Draper's* happier Fate,
Who *sav'd*, and lives to guard the State.

SOME Comedies gave great Delight,
And entertain'd them many a Night :
Others could no Admittance find,
Forbid, as Pois'on to the Mind :
Those Authors Wit and Sense, said she,
But heighten their Impiety.

THIS happy Mother met, one Day,
The Book of Fables, wrote by GAY ;
And told her Children ; Here's a Treasure,
A Fund of Wisdom, and of Pleasure ;
Such Morals, and so finely writ,
Such Decency, good Sense, and Wit !
Well has the Poet found the Art,
To raise the Mind, and mend the Heart.

10 P O E M S

HER fav'rite Son the Volume feiz'd,
And, as he read, seem'd highly pleas'd ;
Made such Reflections ev'ry Page,
The Mother thought above his Age ;
Delighted read, but scarce was able
To finish the concluding Fable..

WHAT ails my Child, the Mother cries,
Whose Sorrows, now, have fill'd your Eyes ?
O dear Mamma, can he want Friends,
Who writes for such exalted Ends ?
O base, degen'rate Human-kind !
Had I a Fortune to my Mind,
Should G A Y complain ? but now, alas !
Thro' what a World am I to pafs ?
Where Friendship is an empty Name,
And Merit scarcely paid in Fame.

RESOLV'D

RESOLV'D to lull his Woes to rest,
She tells him, he should hope the best ;
This has been yet GAY's Case, I own,
But now his Merit's amply known :
Content that tender Heart of thine,
He'll be the Care of CAROLINE.
Who thus instructs the Royal Race,
Must have a Pension, or a Place.

MAMMA, if you were Queen, says he,
And such a Book were wrote for me,
I find, 'tis so much to your Tafte,
That GAY would keep his Coach at leaft.

MY Son, what you suppose is true ;
I see its Excellence in You.
Poets, who write to mend the Mind,
A Royal Recompence shou'd find.

12 P O E M S

But I am barr'd by Fortune's Frowns,
From the best Privilege of Crowns ;
The glorious, God-like Pow'r to bless,
And raise up Merit in Distrefs.

BUT, dear Mamma, I long to know,
Were you the Queen, what you'd bestow.

WHAT I'd bestow, says she, my Dear ?
At leaft, *a thousand Pounds a Year.*



Written



*Written for my Son, and Spoken by him at
his first putting on Breeches.*

WHAT is it our Mammas bewitches,
To plague us little Boys with Breeches ?
To Tyrant *Custom* we must yield,
Whilst vanquish'd *Reason* flies the Field.
Our Legs must suffer by Ligation,
To keep the Blood from Circulation ;
And then our Feet, tho' young and tender,
We to the Shoemaker surrender ;
Who often makes our Shoes so strait,
Our growing Feet they cramp and fret :
Whilst with Contrivance most profound,
Across our Insteps we are bound ;
Which is the Cause, I make no Doubt,
Why thousands suffer in the Gout.

Our

Our wiser Ancestors wore Brogues,
Before the Surgeons brib'd these Rogues,
With narrow Toes, and Heels like Pegs,
To help to make us break our Legs.

THEN, ere we know to use our Fists,
Our Mothers closely bind our Wrists ;
And never think our Cloaths are neat,
Till they're so tight we cannot eat.
And, to increase our other Pains,
The Hat-band helps to cramp our Brains.
The Cravat finishes the Work,
Like Bow-string sent from the Grand Turk.

THUS Dress, that should prolong our Date,
Is made to hasten on our Fate.
Fair Privilege of nobler Natures,
To be more plagu'd than other Creatures !
The wild Inhabitants of Air
Are cloath'd by Heav'n, with wond'rous Care ;

Their

Their beauteous, well-compacted Feathers
Are Coats of Mail against all Weathers ;
Enamell'd, to delight the Eye,
Gay, as the Bow that decks the Sky.

The Beasts are cloath'd with beauteous Skins,
The Fishes arm'd with Scales and Fins ;
Whose Lustre lends the Sailor Light,
When all the Stars are hid in Night.

O WERE our Dress contriv'd like these,
For Use, for Ornament, and Ease !
Man only seems to Sorrow born,
Naked, Defenceless, and Forlorn.

YET we have Reason, to supply
What Nature did to Man deny :
Weak Viceroy ! Who thy Pow'r will own,
When *Custom* has usurp'd thy Throne ?
In vain did I appeal to thee,
Ere I would wear his Livery ;

Who,

16 P O E M S

Who, in Defiance to thy Rules,
Delights to make us act like Fools.
O'er human Race the Tyrant reigns,
And binds them in eternal Chains :
We yield to his despotic Sway,
The only Monarch All obey.





An unanswerable Apology for the Rich.

ALL-bounteous Heav'n, *Castalia* cries,
With bended Knees, and lifted Eyes,
When shall I have the Pow'r to bles^s,
And raise up Merit in Distress?

How do our Hearts deceive us here!
He gets Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.
With this the pious Youth is able,
To build, and plant, and keep a Table.
But then, the Poor he must not treat;
Who asks the Wretch, that wants to eat?
Alas! to ease their Woes he wishes,
But cannot live without *Ten* Dishes.
Tho' *Six* would serve as well, 'tis true;
But one must live, as others do.

18 P O E M S

He now feels Wants, unknown before,
Wants still encreasing with his Store.
The good *Castalio* must provide
Brocade, and Jewels, for his Bride.
Her Toilet shines with Plate emboss'd,
What sums her Lace, and Linen cost !
The Cloaths, that must his Person grace,
Shine with Embroidery and Lace.
The costly Pride of *Persian* Looms,
And *Guido's* Paintings, grace his Rooms.
His Wealth *Castalio* will not waste,
But must have every thing in *Taste*.
He's an OEconomist confess,
But what he buys must be the best.
For common Use, a Set of Plate ;
Old China, when he dines in State.
A Coach and Six, to take the Air,
Besides a Chariot, and a Chair.
All these important Calls supply'd,
Calls of Necessity, not Pride,

His

His Income's regularly spent;
He scarcely saves, to pay his Rent.
No Man alive wou'd do more Good,
Or give more freely, if he cou'd.
He grieves, whene'er the Wretched sue,
But what can poor *Castilio* do?

Wou'd Heav'n but send Ten Thousand more,
He'd give—just as he did before.





*Written for my Son, and spoken by him at
School to some of the Fellows of the College
of Dublin, at a Publick Examination for
Victors.*

WHEN *Athens* was for Arts and Arms renown'd,
Olympick Wreaths uncommon Merit crown'd.
These slight Distinctions from the Learn'd and Wise,
Convey'd eternal Honour, with the Prize :
'Twas this, the gen'rous Love of Fame inspir'd,
And *Grecian Breasts* with noblest Ardour fir'd.

FOR like Rewards like Judges we implore ;
Immortal Fame, with *Grecian Arts*, restore :
Our growing Merit with Indulgence view ;
And sure you'll favour what distinguish'd You.

LEAVE

LEAVE Ignorance and Sloth, to Scorn and Shame ;
But crown the Worthy with immortal Fame ;
And Fame, conferr'd by You, can never fail :
What Men have purchas'd, they of Right entail.



The



*The Prodigy. A Letter to a Friend
in the Country.*

THO' Rhyme serves the Thoughts of great Poets to [fetter,
It sets off the Sense of small Poets the better :
When I've written in Prose, I often have found,
That my Sense, in a Jumble of Words, was quite drown'd.
In Verse, as in Armies that march o'er the Plain,
The least Man among them is seen without Pain.
This they owe to good Order, it must be allow'd,
Else Men that are Little, are lost in a Crowd.

So much for Simile : Now, to be brief,
The following Lines come to tell you my Grief.
'Tis well I can write, for I scarcely can speak,
I'm so plagued with my Teeth, which eternally ake.

When

When the Wind's in the Point which opposes the South,
For fear of the Cold, I can't open my Mouth :
And you know, to the Sex it must be a Heart-breaking,
To have any Distemper, that keeps them from speaking.

WHEN first I was silent a Day, and a Night,
The Women were all in a terrible Fright.
Supplications to JOVE, in an Instant, they make—
“ Avert the Portent—a Woman not speak !
“ Since Poets are Prophets, and often have sung,
“ The last Thing that dies in a Woman's her Tongue ;
“ O JOVE, for what Crime is SAPPHIRA thus curst ?
“ 'Tis plain, by her breathing, her Tongue has died first.
“ Ye Powers Cœlestial, tell Mortals, what Cause
“ Occasions Dame Nature to break her own Laws ?
“ Did the Preacher live now, from his Text he must run,
“ And own there was something new under the Sun.
“ O JOVE, for the future this Punishment spare,
“ And all other Evils we'll willingly bear.”

THEN

THEN they throng to my House, and my Maid they
To say, if her Mistress had quite lost her Speech.
[beseech,

Nell readily own'd, what they heard was too true,
That To-day I was dumb, give the Devil his Due ;
And frankly confess'd, were it always the Case,
No Servant cou'd e'er have a happier Place.

WHEN they found it was Fact, they began all to fear me,
And, dreading Infection, would scarcely come near me ;
Till a Neighbour of mine, who was famous for speeching,
Bid them be of good Cheer, the Disease was not catching :
And offer'd to prove, from Authors good Store,
That the like Case with this, never happen'd before ;
And if Ages to come should resemble the past,
As 'twas the first Instance, it would be the last.
Yet against this Disorder we all ought to strive,
Were I in her Case, I'd been buried alive ;
Were I One Moment silent, except in my Bed,
My good-natur'd Husband would swear I was dead.

THE

THE next said, her Tongue was so much in her Pow'r,
She was fullenly silent, almost—half an Hour :
That to vex her good Man, she took this way to tease him,
But soon left it off, when she found it would please him :
And vow'd, for the future, she'd make the House ring ;
For when she was dumb, he did nothing but sing.

QUITE tir'd with their talking, I held down my Head ;
So she, who sat next me, cried out, I was dead.
They call'd for cold Water, to throw in my Face ;
“ Give her Air, give her Air—and cut open her Lace.”
Says good Neighbour NEVIL, you're out of your Wits ;
She oft, to my Knowledge, has these fullen Fits :
Let her Husband come in, and make one Step that's wrong,
My Life for't, the Woman will soon find her Tongue.
You'll soon be convinc'd—O'my Conscience he's here—
“ Why what's all this Rout!—Are you fullen, my Dear ?

THIS struck them all silent; which gave me some Ease,
And made them imagine they'd got my Disease.
So they hasted away, in a terrible Fright,
And left me, in Silence, to pass the long Night.

NOT the Women alone were scar'd at my Fate;
'Twas reckon'd of dreadful Portent to the State.
When the Governors heard it, they greatly were troubled,
And, whilst I was silent, the Guards were all doubled:
The Militia Drums beat a perpetual Alarm,
To rouze up the Sons of the City to arm.
A Story was rumour'd about, from *Lambey,
Of a powerful Fleet, that was seen off at Sea.
With Horror all list to the terrible Tale,
The Barristers tremble, the Judges grow pale.
To the Castle the frightened Nobility fly,
And the Council were summon'd, they could not tell why.

* A small Island near Dublin.

The Clergy, in Couds, to the Churches repair,
And Armies, embattled, were seen in the Air.

WHY they were in this Fright, I have lately been told.
It seems, it was sung, by a *Druid* of old,
That the HANOVER RACE to Great-Britain should come,
And fit on the Throne, till a Woman grew dumb.

As soon as this Prophecy reach'd the Pretender,
He cry'd out, *My Claim to the Crown I surrender.*



*SINCERITY. A Poem.*

*Occasion'd by a Friend's resenting some
Advice I gave.*

I.

SINCERITY, what are thy Views ?
No more my Breast attend ;
By thee, alas ! we often lose,
But seldom gain a Friend.

II.

No more with dangerous Zeal presume,
To warn whom you esteem ;
Be wise, or I foresee your Doom ;
Impertinence you'll seem.

III.

III.

A Thousand Ills from thee I've found,

A Thousand more I fear;

In Worlds like this should you abound?

What Bus'ness have you here?

IV.

But if you still must haunt my Breast,

To Desarts we'll repair;

Or seek the Mansions of the Blest,

They know your Value there.



To



To Dr. Richard Helsham.

*Upon my Recovery from a dangerous Fit
of Sickness.*

FOR fleeting Life recall'd, for Health restor'd,
Be first the God of Life and Health ador'd ;
Whose boundless Mercy claims this Tribute due :
And next to Heav'n, I owe my Thanks to You ;
To You, who feel the Ease your Med'cines give,
And, in reviving Patients, doubly live ;
You, who from Nature's Dictates never stray,
But wisely wait, till she points out the Way :
Where e'er she leads, unerring, you pursue
Her mazy System, op'ning to your View.

IN you reviv'd we RATCLIFF's Genius see,
Heighten'd by Learning and Humanity.

With

With Ease all Nature's Secrets you explore,
And to the noblest Heights of Science soar.
Your Thoughts, unbounded, travel with the Sun,
And see attendant Worlds around him run ;
Which trace their distant Courses thro' the Sky,
Nor fly his Throne too far, nor press too nigh.
The wise and wond'rous Laws, you clearly know,
Which rule those Worlds above, and this below.
The World of Life, which we obscurely see,
In all its Wonders is survey'd by thee.
And thou in every Part can'st something find,
To praise thy Maker, and to bless thy Kind.
Quick to discern, judicious to apply,
Your Judgment clear, and piercing, as your Eye :
Ev'n Med'cines, in your wise Prescriptions, please,
And are no more the Patient's worst Disease.
Goodness, and Skill, and Learning, less than thine,
Rais'd *Æsculapius* to the Realms divine.

*To Mrs. —.*

CÆLIA, when you oblige again,
Subdue that haughty Eye :
Rather than Insolence sustain,
Who would not wish to die ?
A grateful Heart will own the Debt,
But, oh ! must feel it, with Regret.

*To*



*To the Right Honourable the Lady Dowager
Torrington, with some Verses her Lady-
ship commanded me to send Her.*

WHEN You command, the Muse obeys,
Proud to present her humble Lays.
Of Writing I'll no more repent,
Nor think my Time unwisely spent ;
If Verse the Happiness procures,
Of pleasing such a Soul as Yours.

ENDLESS Anxiety, I find,
Hath dire Effects upon the Mind :
A Life of unsuccessful Care
Too often sinks us to Despair.

F

From

From such a Life as this, I chuse
To snatch some Moments for the Muse ;
To slight Mortality, and soar
To Worlds, where Anguish is no more ;
Forget IERNE's wretched State,
Tho' doom'd to share her cruel Fate ;
Destin'd to pass my joyless Days,
Where Poverty, relentless, preys ;
And form'd, unhappily, to grieve
For Miseries I can't relieve.

FROM giving Wealth, my Hands are ty'd ;
That great Felicity's deny'd.
Yet have I, sometimes, the Delight,
To help a Wretch, by what I write ;
To make some happier Bosoms melt,
And heal the Woes, they never felt.

TO TORRINGTON, whose gen'rous Breast
Delights in raising the Distress'd,

Adding

Adding new Honour to her Blood,
By all the ways of doing Good,
How needless is the Poet's Art,
Since He, that made, enlarg'd her Heart ?





*Written for my Son, and spoken by him in
School, upon his Master's first bringing
in a Rod.*

OUR Master, in a fatal Hour,
Brought in this Rod, to shew his Pow'r.
O dreadful Birch ! O baleful Tree !
Thou Instrument of Tyranny !
Thou deadly Damp to youthful Joys ;
The Sight of thee our Peace destroys.
Not DAMOCLES, with greater Dread,
Beheld the Weapon o'er his Head.

THAT *Sage was surely more discerning,
Who taught to play us into Learning,

* See Lock upon Education.

By

By 'graving Letters on the Dice :
May Heav'n reward the kind Device,
And crown him with immortal Fame,
Who taught at once to read and game !

* TAKE my Advice ; pursue that Rule :
You'll make a Fortune by your School.
You'll soon have all the Elder Brothers,
And be the Darling of their Mothers.

O may I live to hail the Day,
When Boys shall go to School to play !
To Grammar Rules we'll bid Defiance,
For Play will then become a Science.

* *Bowing to his Master.*



Occasion'd



*Occasion'd by seeing some Verses written by
Mrs. Constantia Grierson, upon the Death
of her Son.*

THIS Mourning Mother can with Ease explore
The Arts of *Latium*, and the *Grecian* Store :
Was early learn'd, nay more, was early wise ;
And knew, the Pride of Science to despise ;
Left Men to take assuming Airs from thence,
And seem'd unconscious of superior Sense.
Yet ah ! how vain to guard the Soul, we see,
Are the best Precepts of Philosophy !
See Nature triumph o'er the boasted Art,
Evn in a *SOLON's, and CONSTANTIA's, Heart.
See how she mourns her Son's untimely Doom,
And pours her Woes o'er the relentless Tomb.

* See Plutarch's *Life of Solon*.

SOFTEN, kind Heav'n, her seeming rigid Fate,
With frequent Visions of his blissful State.
Oft let the Guardian Angel of her Son
Tell her in faithful Dreams, his Task is done ;
Shew, how he kindly led her lovely Boy
To Realms of Peace, and never-fading Joy.

THEN, for a while, reverse his happy Fate ;
Shew him still here, still in this wretched State :
Shew the false World, seducing him from Truth ;
And paint the flipp'ry, dang'rous Paths of Youth :
Shew him, in riper Years, beset with Snares,
Wearied with struggling thro' unnumber'd Cares,
Convey him thence to Life's remotest Stage,
To feel the dire Calamities of Age ;
Opprest with Sorrows, with Distempers torn,
Or rack'd with Guilt, much harder to be born.
Raise the Distress, and let her darling Care,
Distracted in the Horrors of Despair,

The

The dreadful Scene of Judgment op'ning see,
And, trembling, plunge into Eternity.

THEN ask her, Wou'd she call him down from Blis,
To hazard such a dismal Doom as this ?
That she may learn to be resign'd from thence,
And bleſs the Guardian Hand, that snatch'd him hence.



To



*To the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth
Brownlow, upon desiring me to send Her
some of my Poems.*

WHO can the hardest Task refuse,
When lovely Lady BETTY sues?
If her Requests Resistance find,
It must be from the Deaf, and Blind.



G

The



The R E S O L U T I O N.

THE Favours of Fortune I once hop'd to gain,
And often invok'd her, but ever in vain.

She despis'd my Addresses, which gave me such Grief,
I flew to the Muses, in hopes of Relief.

Ah Wretch that I was ! I might very well know,
'Twas the Method to make her for ever my Foe.

They laugh'd at the Goddess, and bid me despise her ;
But Time, and Experience, have made me grow wiser.
This unhappy Mistake I resolve to repair ;
O Fortune, thy Votaries must persevere !



Written



*Written for my Son in his Sickness, to one
of his School-Fellows.*

I Little thought, that honest DICK
Would slight me so, when I was sick.
Is he a Friend, who only stays,
Whilst Health and Pleasure gild our Days ;
Flies, when Disease our Temper sours,
Nor helps to pass the gloomy Hours ?

SAYS my Mamma, who loves to make
Reflections, for her Children's Sake ;
You see how Mortal Friendship ends —
My Child, secure Cœlestial Friends ;
Make Heav'n your chief, your early Care ;
You'll meet no Disappointment there.
Build not on Length of Days, my Son ;
Life's longest Race is quickly run.

Lay hold on ev'ry coming Hour,
Do all the Good, that's in your Pow'r.
This will the sinking Heart sustain,
When Cordials are dispens'd in vain ;
Afflauge the racking Pains, that seize
On Limbs, devoted to Disease ;
The Place of fleeting Friends supply,
Pour balmy Slumbers on thine Eye ;
Shield thee from Terrors of the Night,
And wing thy Pray'rs to Realms of Light ;
Thy ev'ry painful Care dismiss,
And crown thee with eternal Bliss.



Written



Written at Tunbridge-Wells,

*To the Right Honourable the Lady Barbara
North, occasion'd by some of the Company's
saying they would go to * Faint-Fair, and
act a Play.*

IN some few Hours we must repair
To act, like THESPIS, in the Fair :
And, as our Stage is of a Piece
With that transmitted down from *Greece*,
Some Power Cœlestial must unfold
Our Fable, too obscurely told ;
And, since it helps the Poet's Art,
When Actors *speak* and *look* their Part ;
Wonder not, Fair One, that we sue,
The Goddess may be plaid by you.

* Near Tunbridge-Wells.

Upon



*Upon seeing a Raffle for Addison's Works
unfilled.*

YE gentle Beaux, and thoughtless Belles,
Who gayly rove at Tunbridge-Wells,
With Pockets full, and empty Looks,
Raffling for every Toy — but Books ;
Should ADDISON's immortal Page,
(The Glory of his Land, and Age)
Want two Subscriptions to be full,
The World will dare pronounce you dull.

BE wise — Subscribe — and shew, at least,
That you have one Pretence to Taste.





To a Lady at Bath.

FLAVIA, since Conquest is your Aim,
I'll point you out the Way ;
And give you an unerring Scheme,
For universal Sway.

Since Nature gave a Form so fair,
Why will you practise Art ?
Which serves, too oft, to shew the Snare,
And warn the heedless Heart.

Those Eyes could never fail to kill ;
But lose their Force by too much Skill.
Learn then to captivate the Age,
From beauteous, unaffected * PAGE.

* The Honourable Mrs. Page.



The Oak and its Branches. A Fable.

*Occasion'd by seeing a dead Oak beautifully
encompassed with Ivy.*

A N Oak, with spreading Branches crown'd,
Beheld an Ivy on the Ground,
Expos'd to every trampling Beast,
That roain'd around the dreary Waste.
The Tree of J o v e, in all his State,
With Pity view'd the Ivy's Fate ;
And kindly told her, she should find
Security around his Rind :
Nor was that only his Intent,
But to bestow some Nourishment.

THE Branches saw, and griev'd to see,
Some Juices taken from the Tree.

Parent,

Parent, say they, in angry Tone,
Your Sap should nourish us alone :
Why should you nurse this Stranger-Plant,
With what your Sons, in time, may want ?
May want, to raise us high in Air,
And make us more distinguish'd there.

"Tis well — the Parent-Tree reply'd ;
Must I, to gratify your Pride,
Act only with a narrow View
Of doing good to none but you ?
Know, Sons, tho' Jove hath made me great,
I am not safe from Storms of Fate.
Is it not prudent then, I pray,
To guard against another Day ?
Whilst I'm alive, You crown my Head ;
This graces me alive, and dead.



*An Apology written for my Son to his
Master, who had commanded him to
write Verses on the Death of the late
Lord ---.*

I Beg your Scholar you'll excuse,
Who dares no more debase the Muse.
My Mother says, if e'er she hears
I write again on worthless Peers,
Whether they're living Lords, or dead,
She'll box the Muse from out my Head.

SIR, let me have no more, she cry'd,
Of Panegyricks, ill apply'd :
For Praise, ill plac'd, adds no more Grace,
Than Jewels to SAMANTHA's Face ;
Whose Lustre serves to let us see
Both Folly, and Deformity.

Written



*Written for a Gentlewoman in Distress. To
her Grace ADELIDA, Dutchess of Shrews-
bury.*

MIGHT I inquire the Reasons of my Fate,
Or with my Maker dare expostulate ;
Did I, in prosp'rous Days, despise the Poor,
Or drive the friendless Stranger from my Door ?
Was not my Soul pour'd out for the Distress'd ?
Did I not vindicate the Poor oppres'd ?
Did not the Orphan's Cry with me prevail ?
Did I not weep the Woes I could not heal ?
Why then, thou gracious, thou all-pow'rful God,
Why do I feel th' Oppressor's Iron Rod ?

Why thus the Scorners cruel Taunts endure,
Who basely fret the Wounds, they will not cure ?
Oh Thou, whose Mercy does to all extend,
Say, shall my Sorrows never, never, end ?
Let not my Tears for ever, fruitless, flow ;
Commiserate a Wretch, o'erwhelm'd with Woe ;
No longer let Distress my Bosom tear ;
Oh, shield me from the Horrors of Despair !

FORGIVE me, Madam, that I thus impart
The Throbs, the Anguish, of a breaking Heart.
Oft, when my weary'd Eyes can weep no more,
To sooth my Woes, I read your Letters o'er.
Goodness, and Wit, and Humour, there I find ;
And view, with Joy, those Pictures of your Mind :
With Pleasure on the lov'd Resemblance gaze,
Till peaceful Slumbers on my Eye-lids seize.
Then, then, Imagination glads my Sight
With transient Images of past Delight ;

My

My aking Heart of ev'ry Care beguiles ;
Then, *Talbot* lives, and *Adelida* smiles.

DELIGHTFUL Forms ! why will you fleet away,
And leave me to the Terrors of the Day ?
In vain from Reason I expect Relief ;
For sad Reflection doubles ev'ry Grief.

Some of my Friends in Death's cold Arms I see ;
Others, tho' living, yet are dead to me !
Of Friends, and Children both, I am bereft,
And soon must lose the only Blessing left ;
A Husband, form'd for Tenderness and Truth,
The lov'd, the kind, Companion of my Youth ;
With him, thro' various Storms of Fate I pass'd ;
Relentless Fate ! — And must we part at last ?
O King of Terrors, I invoke thy Pow'r ;
Oh ! stand between me and that dreadful Hour ;
From that sad Hour thy wretched Suppliant save ;
Oh ! shield me from it ! — Hide me in the Grave !

Written



*Written for my Son, to some of the Fellows of
the College, who took care of the School in
his Master's Absence.*

WE of late had a terrible Rout in our House ;
If I happen'd to speak, I was sure of a Souise.
My Mamma had the Tooth-ach, and I felt the Smart—
O *Steel, I for ever will value thy Art :
Both Children, and Servants, to thee are beholden ;
Let them do what they would, they were sure of a Scolding.
Athenians, I humbly beseech you, explain,
Why the Tongue cannot rest, when the Teeth are in Pain.

* *The Name of the Tooth-drawer.*

A Letter



*A Letter written for my Daughter, to a
Lady who had presented her with a Cap.*

YOUR late kind Gift let me restore;

For I must never wear it more.

My Mother cries, " What's here to do ? "

" A Crimson Velvet Cap for you !

" If to these Heights so soon you climb,

" You'll wear a *Coachman's Cap* in time :

" Perhaps on Palfry pace along,

" With ruffled Shirt, and *Tete-Moutton* ;

" Banish the Woman from your Face,

" And let the Rake supply the Place ;

" Delighted see the People stare,

" And ask each other what you are ?

If she goes on to this dull Tune,
Poor I must be a Quaker soon.

She'll

She'll scarcely let me wear a Knot ;
But keeps me like a *Hottentot* ;
Says, Dressing plain, at small Expence,
Shews better Taste, and better Sense.
I'd take her Judgment, I confess,
Sooner in any Thing, than Dress ;
A Science, which she little knows,
Who only huddles on her Cloaths.

THIS Day, to please my Brother *Con*,
She let me put your Present on ;
And when she saw me very glad,
Cry'd out, She looks like one that's mad !
“ Know, Girl, (says she) that Affectation
“ Suits only those in higher Station ;
“ Who plead Prescription for their Rule,
“ Whene'er they please to play the Fool :
“ But that it best becomes us Cits,
“ To dress like People in their Wits.”

To



To his Grace the Duke of Chandos.

WERE Princes grac'd with Souls like thine,
Princes had still been deem'd divine.

Such Merit as we find in thee,
First introduc'd Idolatry ;
When an excelling Form and Mind,
Delighting, had misled Mankind ;
Inspiring with an awful Sense
Of infinite Beneficence.

WERE Kings elective, Realms would sue,
Contending to be sway'd by you.
Yet, tho' no regal Throne is thine,
Thou hast no Reason to repine ;
Since Heav'n, that gave the Monarch's Heart,
Bestow'd thee far the nobler Part.

I

The



The Conclusion of a Letter to the Rev. Mr. C--.

T IS Time to conclude ; for I make it a Rule,
To leave off all Writing, when *Con.* comes from
He dislikes what I've written, and says, I had better
To send what he calls a *poetical* Letter.
[School.]

To this I reply'd, You are out of your Wits ;
A Letter in Verse would put him in Fits :
He thinks it a Crime in a Woman, to read —
Then, what would he say, should your Counsel succeed ?

I pity poor *Barber*, his Wife's so romantick :
A Letter in Rhyme !—Why, the Woman is frantick !
This Reading the Poets has quite turn'd her Head !
On my Life, she should have a dark Room, and Straw Bed.
I often heard say, that St. *Patrick* took care,
No poisonous Creature should live in this Air :

He

He only regarded the Body, I find ;
But *Plato* consider'd who poison'd the Mind.
Would they'd follow his Precepts, who sit at the Helm,
And drive Poetafters from out of the Realm !

HER Husband has surely a terrible Life ;
There's nothing I dread, like a verfe-writing Wife :
Defend me, ye Powers, from that fatal Curse ;
Which must heighten the Plagues of, *for better for worse!*

MAY I have a Wife, that will dust her own Floor ;
And not the fine Minx, recommended by * *More*.
(That he was a Dotard, is granted, I hope,
Who dy'd for asserting the Rights of the *Pope*.)
If ever I marry, I'll chuse me a Spouse,
That shall *serve* and *obey*, as she's bound by her Vows ;
That shall, when I'm dressing, attend like a Valet ;
Then go to the Kitchen, and study my Palate.

* See Sir Thomas More's *Advice to his Son*.

She has Wisdom enough, that keeps out of the Dirt,
And can make a good *Pudding*, and cut out a *Shirt*.
What Good's in a Dame, that will pore on a Book ?
No !—Give me the Wife, that shall save me a Cook.

THUS far I had written—Then turn'd to my Son,
To give him Advice, ere my Letter was done.
My Son, should you marry, look out for a Wife,
That's fitted to lighten the Labours of Life.
Be sure, wed a Woman you thoroughly know,
And shun, above all Things, a *housewifely Shrew*;
That would fly to your Study, with Fire in her Looks,
And ask what you got by your poring on Books ;
Think Dressing of Dinner the Height of all Science,
And to Peace, and good Humour bid open Defiance.

AVOID the fine Lady, whose Beauty's her Care ;
Who sets a high Price on her Shape, and her Air ;
Who in Dress, and in Visits, employs the whole Day ;
And longs for the Ev'ning, to sit down to Play.

CHUSE

CHUSE a Woman of Wisdom, as well as good Breeding,
With a Turn, at least no Aversion, to Reading:
In the Care of her Person, exact and refin'd ;
Yet still, let her principal Care be her Mind :
Who can, when her Family Cares give her Leisure,
Without the dear Cards, pass an Ev'ning with Pleasure ;
In forming her Children to Virtue and Knowledge,
Nor trust, for that Care, to a School, or a College :
By Learning made humble, not thence taking Airs,
To despise, or neglect, her domestick Affairs :
Nor think her less fitted for doing her Duty,
By knowing its Reasons, its Use, and its Beauty.

WHEN you gain her Affection, take care to preserve it ;
Left others persuade her, you do not deserve it.
Still study to heighten the Joys of her Life ;
Nor treat her the worse, for her being your Wife.
If in Judgment she errs, set her right, without Pride :
Tis the Province of insolent Fools, to deride.

A Huf-

A Husband's first Praise, is a *Friend* and *Protector*:
Then change not these Titles, for *Tyrant* and *Hector*.
Let your Person be neat, unaffectedly clean,
Tho' alone with your Wife the whole Day you remain.
Chuse Books, for her Study, to fashion her Mind,
To emulate those who excell'd of her Kind.
Be Religion the principal Care of your Life,
As you hope to be blest in your Children and Wife:
So you, in your Marriage, shall gain its true End;
And find, in your Wife, a *Companion* and *Friend*.



Jupiter



Jupiter and Fortune, a Fable.

ONCE *Jupiter* from out the Skies,
Beheld a Thousand Temples rise ;
The Goddess *Fortune* all invok'd,
To *Jove* an Altar seldom smoak'd :
The God resolv'd to make Inspection,
What had occasion'd this Defection ;
And bad the Goddess tell the Arts,
By which she won deluded Hearts.

My Arts ? (says she) Great *Jove*, you know,
That I do ev'ry Thing below :
I make my Vot'ries dine on Plate ;
I give the gilded Coach of State ;
Bestow the glitt'ring Gems, that deck
The fair *Lavinia's* lovely Neck ;

I make

I make *Novella* Nature's Boast,
And raise *Valeria* to a Toast ;
'Tis I, who give the Stupid, Taste,
(Or make the Poets lie, at least) ;
My fav'rite Sons, whene'er they please,
Can Palaces in Desarts raise,
Cut out Canals, make Fountains play,
And make the dreary Wastre look gay ;
Ev'n Vice seems Virtue by my Smiles ;
I gild the Villain's gloomy Wiles,
Nay, almost raise him to a God,
While crowded Levees wait his Nod.

ENOUGH——the Thunderer reply'd ;
But say, whom have you satisfy'd ?
These boasted Gifts are thine, I own ;
But know, Content is mine alone.

To



*To the Right Honourable the Lady Sarah
Cowper. Written when the Author was
sick at Tunbridge-Wells.*

LET me the Honour soon obtain,
For which I long have hop'd in vain :
Since I, alas ! am now confin'd,
Your Visit would be doubly kind.

WHAT Sorrows have I not to fear,
Ty'd to the Bed of Sickness here ?
When all that's human, quits the Place,
And Winter shews his horrid Face ;
Whilst Desolation proudly stalks
Along the dull, deserted Walks.

K

Methinks

66 P O E M S

Methinks the Skies already lour ;
Loud, from the Hills, the Torrents pour ;
The Shops are shut ; the Days are dark ;
And scarce a Dog is left to bark.
O, shield me from the dreadful Storms,
Which my distemper'd Fancy forms !

THE thoughtless Fair the Toilette prize,
There practise Smiles, and point their Eyes.
But *Cowper*, negligent of Art,
Chose, early wise, the better Part.
Yet from your Mind some Moments spare ;
The Stranger be a-while your Care,
Who now beneath Affliction bends,
Far from her Country, and her Friends.
Come, and my anxious Heart relieve :
For in your Presence who could grieve ?

A Letter



*A Letter to a Friend, on Occasion of some
Libels written against him.*

AS in some wealthy, trading Town,
Where Riches raise to sure Renown,
The Man, with ample Sums in Store,
More than enough, yet wanting more,
Bent on Abundance, first secures
His Rails, his Windows, and his Doors,
With many a Chain, and Bolt, and Pin,
To keep Rogues out, and Riches in ;
Ranges his Iron Chests in View,
And paints his Window Bars with Blue ;
Discounts your Notes, receives your Rents,
A Banker now, to all Intents.

SUPPOSE his more successful Labours
Should raise him high above his Neighbours ;
As sure, as if *Apollo* said it,
They'll all combine to blast his Credit :
But if, in solid Wealth secure,
Their vain Assaults he can endure ;
Their Malice but augments his Gain,
And swells the Store it meant to drain.

THE Case in ev'ry Point's the same,
In Funds of Wealth, and Funds of Fame.
Tho' you're secur'd by ev'ry Fence
Of solid Worth, and Wit, and Sense ;
In vain are all your utmost Pains,
Your Virtue's Bars, and Wisdom's Chains ;
Nor Worth, nor Wit, nor Sense, combin'd,
Can bar the Malice of the Mind.

THE firmest, and the fairest Fame
Is ever Envy's surest Aim :

But

But if it stand her Rage, unmov'd,
Like Gold, in fiery Furnace prov'd ;
Unbias'd Truth, your Virtue's Friend,
Will more exalt you in the End.



An



*An Hymn to Sleep. Written when the
Author was sick.*

SOMNUS, pow'rful Deity,
Mortals owe their Bliss to thee.
How long shall I thy Absence mourn,
And when be bless'd in thy Return ?
Relentless God ! why will you flee,
And take Delight to torture me ?
Or do you kindly flight my Pray'r,
To make me for my Change prepare ?
'Tis well this Happiness remains ;
When you refuse to ease our Pains,
Your Brother *Death* your Place supplies,
And kindly seals the Wretch's Eyes.

On



*On sending my Son, as a Present, to Dr.
Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, on his Birth-
Day.*

A Curious Statue, we are told,
Is priz'd above its Weight in Gold ;
If the fair Form the Hand confess
Of *Phidias, or Praxiteles :
But if the Artist could inspire
The smalleſt Spark of heav'nly Fire,
Tho' but enough to make it walk,
Salute the Company, or talk ;
This would advance the Price ſo high,
What Prince were rich enough to buy ?
Such if *Hibernia* could obtain,
She ſure would give it to the *Dean* :

* Two famous Statuaries.

So to her Patriot should she pay
Her Thanks upon his Natal Day.

A RICHER Present I design,
A finish'd Form, of Work divine,
Surpassing all the Pow'r of Art,
A thinking Head, and grateful Heart,
An Heart, that hopes, one Day, to show
How much we to the *Drapier* owe.

KINGS could not send a *nobler* Gift ;
A *meaner* were unworthy *Swift*.

Dublin, Nov. 30. 1726.



Occasion'd



*Occasion'd by reading the Memoirs of Anne
of Austria, written by Madam de Motte-
ville. Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
the Countess of Hertford.*

YE heedless Fair, who pass the live-long Day,
In Dress and Scandal, Gallantry and Play ;
Who thro' new Scenes of Pleasure hourly run,
Whilst Life's important Busines is undone ;
Look here, when guilty Conquests make you vain,
And see, how sad Remorse shuts up the Scene.

IF future Bliss, or Misery, must flow
From what the Heart delights in here below,
Think how these Habits, rooted in the Breast,
Will fit you for a Commerce with the Blest.

Y E Politicians, who, in Courts to shine,
 Study the Maxims of the * *Florentine* ;
 Who, void of Virtue, anxious to be great,
 Would rise, tho' on the Ruins of the State ;
 See how delusive are Ambition's Dreams,
 See Providence defeating all your Schemes :
 The Hand divine the well-laid Plot prevents,
 And dashes all with unforeseen Events.

Yet the short-fighted Atheist dares advance,
 These wondrous Changes are the Work of Chance.
 Not so this pious, penetrating Dame,
 Who to the sacred Fountain trac'd the Stream :
 Like lovely *Hertford*, who her Hours employs,
 To form her Mind for never-fading Joys.

EXCELLING Fair ! whom All so justly prize ;
 Who, in a Court, find Leisure to be wise ;
 Humane and humble, pious and sincere ;
 Who walk, untainted, thro' infectious Air ;

* Machiavel.

Thou

Thou Honour to thy Sex ! may I pursue
The Paths of Wisdom, early trod by you !
I, who am destin'd to a low Estate,
Free from the Vanities that vex the Great ;
Blest with a Happiness to Courts unknown ;
For I, thank Heav'n, may call my Hours my own :
O may I pass those Hours in such a Way,
As may prepare me for the last, great Day !
That I may, unappall'd, lift up my Head,
When the Arch-Angel calls —— *Arise, ye Dead.*
When all the haughty, pompous Sons of Dust,
Who *here* in fleeting Treasures plac'd their Trust ;
Who *here*, to their Confusion, largely quaff'd
Prosperity's intoxicating Draught ;
Till, drunk with Blessings, they despis'd their God,
Arraign'd his Wisdom, and defy'd his Rod ;
Too late shall find, that Arm they durst oppose,
Can pour eternal Vengeance on his Foes.

REFLECT, my Soul, that Day is drawing near ;
And timely think, what was thy Busines here.
O Thou, whose Arm, reach'd down from Heav'n to save,
So lately snatch'd me from the op'ning Grave ;
Who bow'd thine Ear, nor let me sue in vain,
Reliev'd my Sicknes, and remov'd my Pain ;
In hallow'd Strains, O, teach my Soul to soar,
To celebrate the Mercies I adore !
To Thee alone to dedicate my Lays,
Who heard my Vows, and added to my Days !
Watch o'er my Heart, fix ev'ry Duty there,
And make Eternity my only Care.





On the Dutches of Newcastle's Picture.

SAY, *Worsdeal*, where you learn'd the Art
To paint the Goodness of the Heart :
The flatt'ring Teint let others prize ;
You call the Soul into the Eyes :
There we the various Virtues trace
Of *Churchill's*, and *Godolphin's* Race.
Thrice happy *Pelham*, to whose Arms
Were destin'd never-fading Charms !

Written at Tunbridge-Wells, July, 1730.



A Letter



*A Letter for my Son to one of his Schoolfellows,
Son to Henry Rose, Esq;*

DEAR *Rose*, as I lately was writing some Verse,
Which I next Day intended in School to rehearse ;
My Mother came in, and I thought she'd run wild :
“ This Mr. *Macmullen* has ruin'd my Child :
“ He uses me ill, and the World shall know it ;
“ I sent you to *Latin*, he makes you a Poet :
“ A fine Way of training a Shopkeeper's Son !
“ Twould better become him to teach you to dun :
“ Let him teach both his Wit, and his Rhyming, to *Rose* ;
“ And give you some Lessons, to help to sell Cloaths :
“ He'll have an Estate, and 'twill do very well,
“ That he, like his Father, in Arts should excel ;
“ But for *you*, if your Father will take my Advice,
“ He'll send you no more, till he lowers his Price :
“ A Guinea

" A Guinea a Quarter ! 'tis monstrously dear —
" You might learn to *dance*, for four Guineas a Year :
" Then, Sir, tell your Master, That these are hard Times ;
" And Paper's too dear to be wasted in Rhymes :
" I'll teach you a Way of employing it better ;
" As, July the fifteenth, *Lord Levington Debtor* :
" You may rhyme till you're blind, what arises from thence ?
" But *Debtor* and *Creditor* brings in the Pence :
" Those beggarly Muses but come for a Curse ;
" But give me the Wit, that puts Gold in the Purse."

FROM what she then told me, I plainly discern,
What different Lessons we Scholars must learn.
You're happy, dear *Rose*; for, as far as I find,
You've nothing to do, but embellish your Mind.
What different Tasks are affign'd us by Fate !
'Tis yours to *become*, mine to *get* an Estate.
Then, *Rose*, mind your Learning, whatever you do ;
For I have the easier Task of the two.

To



To a Gentleman, who had abus'd Waller.

I Grieve to think that *Waller's* blam'd,
Waller, so long, so justly, fam'd.
Then own your Verses writ in Haste,
Or I shall say, you've lost your Taste.

PERHAPS your loyal Heart disdains
A Poet, who could take such Pains,
To tune his sweet, immortal Lays
To an usurping Tyrant's Praise :
And, where you hate the *Man*, I see,
You never like his *Poetry*.
The Truth of this your Verse discovers ;
So you abus'd the *Conscious Lovers*.

The'

Tho' in your Principles you glory,
The Muses are nor *Whig* nor *Tory*:
So from your Sentence they appeal,
Nor will be judg'd by *Party* Zeal.
Whene'er a Poet's to be try'd,
Let *Pope* hereafter be your Guide.
“ * Survey the Whole ; nor seek flight Faults to find,
“ Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind.

* *Essay on Criticism.*



M

Written



*Written for my Son, in a Bible which was
presented to him.*

WELCOME, thou sacred, solemn Guest,
Who com'st to guide me to the Blest.

O Fountain of eternal Truth,
Thou gracious Guardian of my Youth!
True Wisdom to my Soul dispense,
That I may learn thy Will from hence:
Still let me make thy Word my Rule,
And still despise the *scorning Fool*.
Inspir'd from thence, my Verse shall soar,
Till Time itself shall be no more.

A L A S, my Soul! and what is great,
In Glory of a mortal Date?
Henceforth this vain Ambition spare,
And be *Eternity* thy Care.

To



To Mr. Rose ; sent in the Name of the Honourable Mr. Barry, one of his Schoolfellows : Written by the Reverend Dr. T— Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses, p. 78.

BELIEVE me, *Rose*, how'er this *Con.* may please,
With flowing Numbers, and an easy Phrase ;
With Wit, with Humour, and with ev'ry Art,
That steals the Ear, and ravishes the Heart ;
How'er his Verses are with Rapture read,
They ne'er could spring from his poor Baby Head.
No, no, dear *Rose*, his Tricks are too well known ;
They are his Mother's Verses, not his own.

PRESUMPTUOUS Youth ! this dang'rous Art forbear ;
Nor tempt a Character beyond thy Sphere.

Let meaner Flames thy tender Breast inspire ;
Touch not a Beam of hers — 'Tis sacred Fire !
Phæbus might trust thy Mother with his Sun ;
But you, fond Boy, may prove a *Phaethon*.



Written



*Written for my Son, to Mr. Barry ; occasion'd
by the foregoing Verses.*

SINCE *Phæbus* makes your Verse divine,
Since the God glows in ev'ry Line ;
Why should you think, but I, with Ease,
Might write my native, artless Lays ?

My Mother told me many a Time,
That Double-dealing was a Crime :
Alas ! and is it only so,
In us, whose Birth and Fortune's low ?
For you, tho' nobly born, descend
To injure, yet appear a Friend ;
And seem to make my Praise your Aim,
With more Success to wound my Fame.

86 P O E M S

So your *Apollo's* Priests, of old,
(As by his Poets we are told)
With glorious Wreaths the Victim dreft ;
Then plung'd the Poniard in his Breast.



Upon



*Upon my Son's speaking Latin in School to less
Advantage than English: Written as from
a Schoolfellow. By Mrs. Grierson.*

THUS twice detected, Con. thy Pride give o'er,
And hope to triumph in our School no more.
Tho' you speak *English* Verse with graceful Ease ;
Tho' ev'ry Motion, Air, and Accent, please ;
Tho' ev'ry Speech a crowded Audience draws ;
And ev'ry Line be echo'd with Applause ;
Yet now thy undeceiv'd Companions see,
The Muse, thy Mother, only speaks in thee.

WE knew long since, your Verse, so much admir'd,
By her superior Genius was inspir'd ;

And

And by your *Latin* Speech, this Day, you've shewn,
Your graceful Action too was hers alone.

In learned Languages had she been skill'd,
Still with your Praises had our School been fill'd.

YET, Youth, repine not at impartial Fate ;
Nor mourn those Ills, that must attend the Great.
For had she been with meaner Talents born ;
Did no uncommon Gifts her Mind adorn ;
Had she been moulded like the stupid Race,
Whom Culture can't exalt, nor Science grace;
Phæbus had then not study'd to controul
The future Grandeur of her soaring Soul.
But, when he saw each Muse, with endless Pains,
Forming the curious Texture of her Brains ;
When he beheld them anxious to inspire
A double Portion of celestial Fire ;
Grown jealous for the Honour of the Dead,
He thus, in Anger, to the Virgins said :

" IN

“ IN vain you strive, with such unweary'd Care,
“ To grace the Breast of this accomplish'd Fair :
“ In vain you labour to adorn her Mind
“ With tuneful Numbers, and with Sense refin'd ;
“ With ev'ry Elegance of Thought and Phrase ;
“ With *Virgil's* Purity, and *Ovid's* Ease ;
“ Tho' she with them in all their Graces vie ;
“ Yet I'll their universal Tongue deny.
“ For if, like them, she could unfold her Mind
“ In Language understood by all Mankind ;
“ Their matchless Fame, thro' many Ages won,
“ (Her Sex might boast) would be in *one* outdone.”



N

An



An Apology written for my Son to the Reverend Mr. Sampson, who had invited some Friends to celebrate Lord Carteret's Birth-Day, at Mount-Carteret near Dublin; and desir'd my Son to write on that Occasion.

WITH Joy your Summons we obey,
And come to celebrate this Day.

Yet I, alas! despair to please;
For you require exalted Lays:
And, let me write whate'er I will,
You'll think my Verse deficient still;
Altho' the Task I now decline,
Asks no Assistance from the Nine;
For Nature, better far than Art,
Can paint the honest, grateful Heart.

HEAV'N

HEAV'N knows how much I rack'd my Head,
(For beaten Paths I scorn to tread)
To tell the Vice-Roy something new,
Who graciously distinguish'd you ;
Who had your Merit in his Eye,
When Prelates often pass'd it by.
What Blessings must the People share,
Where Virtue is the Ruler's Care !

SOME Lines I wrote ; which seem'd so fine,
My Mother cry'd, " They can't be thine :
(Alas ! there needs but little Care
In Sons, to please a Mother's Ear)
" *Maro* might own such Lines as these,
" Nor with more Elegance could praise :
" This is the true poetic Fire,
" But such a Subject must inspire :
" What beauteous Images are here !
" *Constantia* help'd you now, I fear :

92 P O E M S

“ It must be so ; you are not able —— ”

Then I by chance upon the Table

* *The Birth of manly Virtue* spy'd ;

So threw my useless Pen afide,

And set my Verses in a Flame,

Nor dar'd to touch the hallow'd Theme :

For there the God his Pow'r displays,

And leaves no Room for mortal Praise.

* *A Poem on Lord Carteret.*



Apo-

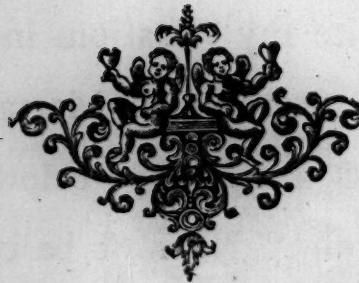


*Apology to Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Killala,
and his Lady, who had promis'd to dine
with the Author.*

MY Lord of *Killala*, I find to my Sorrow,
I can't have the Honour I hop'd for, To-morrow.
But why I'm so wretched, my * Friend must rehearse ;
For I never can write my Vexations in Verse.
Disappointments are sent to poor Mortals, to show,
'Tis in vain to expect to be happy below.—
Yet you've a fair Prospect, it must be confess'd,
Who with Fortune, and Station, and *Delia* are bleff'd ;
With *Delia*, whose Soul is so fitted for you,
Who shares, with such Pleasure, the Good which you do ;
Who visits your See with far other Designs,
Than conning your Rent-rolls, and rais'ng your Fines.

* *The Lady who deliver'd the Apology*, Dublin, May 2. 1730.

No longer let *Rome* her old Argument boast,
That by Marriage the End of the Priesthood is lost ;
That toil'd, and entangled in Family Cares,
The Clergy forgot their celestial Affairs :
For, had she known *Delia*, she must have confess'd,
That the Church, in the Marriage of Prelates, was bleſſ'd.



Written



*Written for my Son, upon Lady Santry's
coming to School, to see her Son, and get-
ting the Scholars a Play-Day.*

SO *Ceres*, lovely and divine,
Eager to see her *Proserpine*,
Blessing the Nations as she pass'd,
Reach'd the fell Tyrant's Court at last ;
Around her shot a Gleam of Light,
Diffusing Joy, dispelling Night ;
And, whilst she gilds the dismal Gloom,
The Damn'd a-while forget their Doom ;
The *Danaids* no longer fill ;
And *Sisyphus*'s Stone stands still ;
Ixion wonders why he strove,
With impious Arts, to rival *Jove* ;
Grim *Pluto* smil'd ; all Hell look'd gay ;
Happy, as we were Yesterday.

Written



Written for my Son to his Master, on the Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

IS what we owe great WILLIAM then
Forgotten by ungrateful Men ?
And has *His* Fame run out its Date,
Who snatch'd us from the Brink of Fate ?
Else, why should Scholars, Sir, I pray,
Be Prif'ners on this glorious Day ;
When NASSAU's Arms, by Heav'n's Decree,
Devoted it to Liberty ?



An



*An Apology for my Son to his Master, for
not bringing an Exercise on the Coronation
Day.*

WHY are we Scholars plagu'd to write,
On Days devoted to Delight ?

In Honour of the KING, I'd play
Upon his Coronation Day :

But as for Loyalty in Rhyme,
Defer that to another Time.

Now to excuse this to my Master —
(This Want of Rhyme's a sad Disaster)

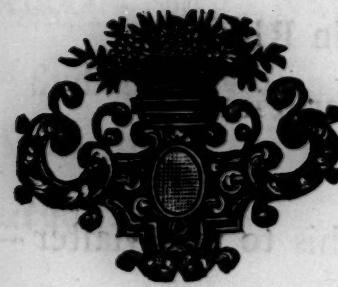
Sir, we confess you take great Pains,
And break your own, to mend our Brains.

You strive to make us learn'd, and wise ;
But to what End ? — — — We shall not rise :

O

In

In vain should at Preferment aim,
Whilst Strangers make their happier Claim.
Why should we labour to excel,
Doom'd in Obscurity to dwell?
Then, since our Welfare gives you Pain,
(And yet your Toil may prove in vain)
I wish, for your, and for our Ease,
That all were Coronation Days.



Written



*Written from Dublin, to a Lady in the
Country.*

A Wretch, in smoaky *Dublin* pent,
Who rarely sees the Firmament,
You graciously invite, to view
The Sun's enliv'ning Rays with you ;
To change the Town for flow'ry Meads,
And sing beneath the sylvan Shades.

You're kind in vain — It will not be —
Retirement was deny'd to me ;
Doom'd by inexorable Fate,
To pass thro' crowded Scenes I hate.
O with what Joy could I survey
The rising, glorious Source of Day !

100 P O E M S

Attend the Shepherd's fleecy Care,
Transported with the vernal Air ;
Behold the Meadow's painted Pride,
Or see the limpid Waters glide ;
Survey the distant, shaded Hills,
And, penfive, hear the murmur'ring Rills.

THRO' your *Versailles* with Pleasure rove,
Admire the Gardens, and the Grove ;
See Nature's bounteous Hand adorn
The blushing Peach, and blooming Thorn ;
Behold the Birds distend their Throats,
And hear their wild, melodious Notes.

DELIGHTED, thro' your Pastures roam,
Or see the Kine come lowing home ;
Whose od'rous Breaths a Joy impart,
That sooths the Sense, and glads the Heart ;
With Pleasure view the frothing Pails,
And silent hear the creaking Rails ;

See

See whistling Hinds attend their Ploughs,
Who never hear of broken Vows ;
Where no Ambition to be great,
E'er taught the Nymph, or Swain, Deceit.

Thus thro' the Day, delighted, run ;
Then raptur'd view the setting SUN ;
The rich, diffusive God behold,
On distant Mountains pouring Gold,
Gilding the beauteous, rising Spire,
While Crystal Windows glow with Fire ;
Gaze, till he quit the *Western* Skies,
And long to see his Sister rise ;
Prefer the silent, Silver MOON
To the too radiant, noisy Noon.

Or *Northward* turn, with new Delight,
To mark what Triumphs wait the Night ;
When Shepherds think the Heav'ns foreshow
Some dire Commotions here below ;

When

When Light the human Form assumes,
And Champions meet with nodding Plumes,
With Silver Streamers, wide unfurl'd,
And gleaming Spears amaze the World.

THENCE to the higher Heav'ns I soar,
And the great Architect adore ;
Behold what Worlds are hung in Air,
And view Ten Thousand Empires there ;
Then prostrate to JEHOVAH fall,
Who into Being spake them all.



Sent



*Sent as from a Schoolfellow to my Son,
Anno 1727.*

I Grieve to see you waste your Time,
And turn your Thoughts so much to Rhyme.
Be wise — your useless Views resign,
And fly the fair, delusive *Nine*.

I KNOW, they try their wonted Art,
To win your easy, youthful Heart ;
They talk of an immortal Name,
And promise you the Realms of Fame :
A mighty Empire, *Con.* 'tis true,
But wondrous small the Revenue !

THEY'LL

THEY'll tell you too, to gain their Ends,
That Verse will raise you pow'rful Friends.
Believe me, Youth, this is not true:
The *Great* think ev'ry thing their *Due*.



Apollo's



Apollo's Edict.

IERNE's now our royal Care :
We lately fix'd our * Vice-roy there.
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious Love inspir'd her Son !
What cannot our Vice-gerent do,
As Poet, and as Patriot too ?
Let his Success our Subjects sway,
Our Inspirations to obey :
Let beaten Paths no more be trac'd ;
But study to correct your Taste.

No Simile shall be begun
With *rising*, or with *setting Sun* ;
And let the secret Head of *Nile*
Be ever banish'd from your Isle.

* Dr. Swift,

P

WHEN

WHEN wretched Lovers live on Air,
In Pity the *Chameleon* spare :
And when you'd make a Hero grander,
Forget he's like a *Salamander*.

NO Son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the Day.

YOU all agree, I make no Doubt,
The *Prophet's Mantle*'s quite worn out.

THE *Bird of Jove* shall toil no more,
To teach the humble *Wren* to soar.

YOUR tragic Heroes shall not rant,
Nor Shepherds use poetic Cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The Manners of the rural Race.

WHEN

WHEN *Damon's Soul* shall take its Flight,
(Tho' Poets have the *second Sight*)
No *Trail of Light* shall upwards rise,
Nor a new Star adorn the Skies :
For who can hope to place one there,
So glorious as * *Belinda's Hair* ?
Yet, if his Name you eternize,
And *must* exalt him to the Skies ;
Without a Star it may be done —
So *Tickell* mourn'd his *Addison*.

IF *Anna's happy Reign* you praise,
Say not a Word of *Halcyon-Days* :
Nor let my Vot'ries shew their Skill,
In apeing Lines from *Cooper's-Hill* ;
For, know, I cannot bear to hear
The Mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.

* Rape of the Lock.

WHENE'ER my Viceroy is address'd,
Against the *Phænix* I protest.

WHEN * Kelly's Beauties you survey,
Forget they're like the *Milky Way*.

WHEN Poets soar in youthful Strains,
No *Phaeton*, to hold the Reins.

CUPID shall ne'er mistake another,
Not ev'n † *Eliza*, for his *Mother* ;
Nor shall his Darts at Random fly,
From Magazines in *Rochford's Eye*.

WHEN § *Boyle's* exalted Genius shines,
Distinguish'd in your noblest Lines ;

* Mrs. Frances-Arabella Kelly.

† Mrs. Elizabeth Penifeather.

§ John Earl of Orrery.

With

With his own Worth your Patron grace,
And let *Mæcenas* sleep in Peace.

WHEN you describe a lovely Girl,
No *Coral Lips*, or *Teeth of Pearl*.

WITH *Women Compounds* I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in *Biddy Floyd*.
For foreign Aid what need they roam,
Whom Fate hath amply bless'd at Home ?
Unerring Heav'n, with bounteous Hand,
Has form'd a Model for your Land ;
Whom *Jove* endow'd with ev'ry Grace,
The Glory of the *Granard* Race ;
Now destin'd by the Pow'rs divine,
The Blessing of another Line.
Then, would you paint a matchless Dame,
And raise her to immortal Fame ;

Invoke

110 P O E M S

Invoke not *Cytherea's* Aid,
Nor borrow from the *Blue-ey'd Maid*,
Nor need you on the *Graces* call;
Take Qualities from * *Donegal*.

* Countess Dowager Donegal, Daughter to the late Earl of Granard.





News from St. James's.

A Courtier, summon'd hence of late,
Was call'd to *Minos' Judgment Seat*.

THE *Cretan Sage* began the Charge,
Recounted all his Crimes at large ;
His Insincerity, and Pride,
His Hundred evil Arts beside ;
Arts, thinly veil'd with Virtue's Guise,
The modern Statesmens Scheme to rife.

HE, cringing, owns his Guilt, with Shame ;
Yet from himself would shift the Blame ;
Insists, that since the World began,
Kings seldom rais'd the virtuous Man :
(Some Instances must be allow'd,
Tho' almost lost in such a Crowd)

That

That Courts were other Things of late,
Than when He rul'd the *Cretan* State :
That those who breathe in them, will find,
The tainted Air corrupts the Mind.

COURTIER, the Judge reply'd, beware —
Theander has resided there ;
The third of an accomplish'd Race,
Who fill'd successively one Place :
Yet see the Stream of Virtue run,
Untainted down from Sire to Son :
Humane their Hearts, enlarg'd, refin'd,
With ev'ry Gift to bleſs their Kind ;
In Friendship's nobleſt Zeal ſincere ;
In Honour amiably severe ;
Steady to Faith, and Truth, and Right ;
With open Honesty, polite ;
With no Disguife in Speech, or Spirit,
But Modesty, the Mask of Merit.

TRUE,

TRUE, *Minos* — yet you must agree,
These Instances conclude for me.
They uncorrupt have breath'd that Air ;
But how have they *succeeded* there ?



Q

On

*To a Lady who was libell'd.*

WHEN *Cynthia*, Regent of the Tides,
Pale in meridian Pride presides ;
A Sov'reign Pow'r the Goddes claims
O'er Seas, and Sea-supplying Streams ;
The River of the richest Source
With Ease she turns, and checks his Course ;
His crystal Clearnes can defile
With ev'ry Filth, and Salt as vile ;
However strong, and smooth, and pure,
Her Tyranny he must endure ;
Till, her Dominion in the Wain,
He clears, and is himself again.

THUS,

THUS, over black, benighted Brains,
Fell Envy, baleful Goddess, reigns ;
O'er mortal Passions, pale, presides,
Passions, the Soul's tumultuous Tides ;
Which, in their fierce, resistless Sway,
Invade all Merit in their Way ;
With Ease the clearest Truths confute,
With Ease the purest Worth pollute ;
Check ev'ry Virtue in its Course,
And taint, impetuous, to its Source,
The Current of the fairest Fame,
By forcing Filth into the Stream.

So are you fully'd for a Seafon,
Till Rage recoils, and yields to Reason :
Then turns the Tide — your Credit clears,
And all your real Worth appears.



*To the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth
Germain, upon seeing her do a generous
Action.*

Written as from the Person reliev'd.

WHEN Ruin threaten'd me of late,
With all its ghastly Train ;
Some Pow'r, in Pity to my Fate,
Sent bountiful Germain.

HER Soul is mov'd with my Distress,
And kind Compassion shows ;
That gen'rous Hand, long us'd to bless,
Quick mitigates my Woes.

THRICE

THRICE happy Fair ! indulgent Heav'n
To thee was doubly kind :
To others only *Hearts* are giv'n ;
Thy *Fortune* suits thy *Mind*.



Epilogue



*Epilogue to a Comedy acted at Bath, where
the Dutchesse of Ormond was present.*

LADIES, this Entertainment we have shewn,
Has not been rightly suited, I must own.
Heroic Virtue should have been display'd,
And Homage to *heroic Virtue* paid.
Low Comedy supplies but mean Delight ;
Some Heroine should have grac'd our Scenes To-night ;
First Fortune's Favours, then her Frowns to feel,
Unmov'd, unshaken, on her tott'ring Wheel ;
With Wisdom blest by Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Too great to be elated, or despair ;
A lovely Form, and an excelling Mind,
To all that Providence ordains, resign'd ;
Rever'd by All, Delight of ev'ry Eye,
Humane and humble, when exalted high ;

From

From Princes sprung, and gloriously ally'd,
At once her Sex's, and her Country's Pride ;
Whose Soul, superior to all earthly State,
Shines with new Lustre 'midst the Storms of Fate.

THEN had the Audience wept her Woes anew,
And own'd the Poet was prophetic too ;
Foresaw PLANTAGENET's imperial Race
Would such a Heroine give us, in *Your Grace*.



To



*To her Grace the Dutchess of Manchester,
and Lady Diana Spencer, now Dutchess
of Bedford.*

*The humble Petition of little Jemmy Pen, at Tun-
bridge-Wells.*

MADAM, I hear, and hear with Sorrow,
That we're to lose Your Grace To-morrow ;
Nor you alone, but Lady *Di*.
Where, thus deserted, shall I fly ?
Am I condemn'd to live in Pain,
Till distant Autumn comes again ;
Till Time, in Pity to my Grief,
Shall bring you back to my Relief ?

Do not, relentless, let me moan ;
O take me, Ladies, as your own !

Tho'

Tho' Thousands have your Rigour felt,
Let me your lovely Bosoms melt :
Since you to win my Heart have deign'd,
Quit not the Conquest you have gain'd :
Nor MARLBRO's glorious Footsteps shun ;
He always kept the Field he won.

Written at Tunbridge-Wells, August, 1730.



R

To



To the Honourable Mrs. Percival.

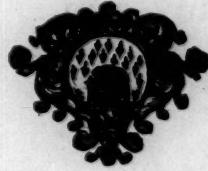
AND will your Goodness never have an End ?
And will you still persist to be my Friend ?
To meet me still with that engaging Air,
Still open, ardent, gen'rous, and sincere ;
Still to advise, to aid, to chear, to bless,
Still to prevent, or to dispel Distress ;
Sollicit for me with unweary'd Zeal,
Pleas'd to succeed, nor slacken'd when you fail ;
Point out each Path to good Success from far,
And guide me by thy Light, my happier Star !

WHEN of ungen'rous Minds I Favours ask,
And sink, oppress'd beneath the grievous Task ;
Hear the false Promise, or the feign'd Excuse,
In Words that mean but more refin'd Abuse ;

Full

Full in my View thy nobler Soul appears,
And swells my Heart, and fills my Eyes with Tears ;
Whilst, to prevent my Wish, your Goodness flies,
Nor one kind Look deceives me, from your Eyes.

THEN let good Heav'n withhold, or grant Success,
Add to a Weight of Cares, or make it less ;
By you protected, I no more repine :
How few can boast an Happiness like mine !
A Bliss so great can Wealth, or Pow'r, impart,
As one fix'd Friend, with such a Head, and Heart ?





*Written at Bath to a young Lady, who had
just before given me a short Answer.*

YOU us'd me ill, and I withdrew,
Intent on satirizing you.

The *Muses* to my Aid I call ;
They came ; and told me, one and all,
That I mistook their Province quite ;
They never fully'd what was bright ;
And said, If Satire was my Aim,
I ought to chuse another Theme.

I HEARD with Anger, and Surprize ;
Begg'd they'd inspire, and not advise.
In vain I begg'd — they all withdrew ;
When to my Aid a Phantom flew,

And

And vow'd she'd give my Satire Stings,
And whisper'd some resentful Things ——
Said, You delighted, all your Days,
To torture her a thousand Ways :
Bad me revenge her Cause, and mine,
And blacken you in ev'ry Line.

THIS I resolv'd ; but still in vain ——
We both must unreveng'd remain:
For I, alas ! remember now,
I long ago had made a Vow,
That, should the *Nine* their Aid refuse,
Envy should never be my *Muse*.



Stella



Stella and Flavia.

STELLA and *Flavia*, ev'ry Hour,
Unnumber'd Hearts surprize :
In *Stella*'s Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia*'s, in her Eyes.

More boundless *Flavia*'s Conquests are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd :
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands ;
Like Eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast your Face,
Your Beauty's only Store:
Your Charms will ev'ry Day decrease,
Each Day gives *Stella* more.



A Let-



A Letter written for my Son to a young Gentleman, who was sent to be educated at the Jesuits College in Flanders.

DEAR Jack, whilst you thro' Flanders roam,
Can you forget your Friends at home?
Say, will your Tutors give you Time
To write to *Hereticks* in Rhyme?
A Name they brand us with, dear Youth,
And we affirm they injure Truth.
The sacred Page before us lies,
Which you lock up from vulgar Eyes.
In vain to Men a Sight is giv'n,
To point them out the Path to Heav'n;
If, lest their Sight should make them stray,
Their Guides alone must see the Way.

I FANCY now you answer thus :

Lord ! what's Divinity to us ?

This serious Subject is unfit

To exercise a School-boy's Wit :

Then talk of other Matters, *Con.*

Inform me how your Class goes on :

Are you, poor Boys ! at School to Day,

While others are allow'd to play ?

DEAR *Jack*, that is our Case, 'tis true ;

We envy them, and envy you,

You, who may ramble from your Book,

To view the Towns EUGENIO took ;

Ev'n now, perhaps, attend the Story,

How MARLBRO' won immortal Glory ;

Whilst he who tells the wondrous Tale,

At ev'ry Period turning pale,

Still fancies Vengeance o'er his Head,

And asks you —— *Are you sure He's dead?*

P. S. I just heard happy News, dear Boy ;
 And Friendship bids me share the Joy :
Hibernia has not pray'd in vain ;
 * *CYRUS* will visit her again ;
CYRUS, long train'd in Wisdom's School,
 And by † *MANDANA* form'd for Rule.
 ¶ *RAMSAY*, we find from whence you drew
 Those Characters admir'd in you :
 We § *CASSEENDANA*'s Virtues trace,
 And lovely Form, in *WEYMOUTH*'s Race.

O WOULD *MANDANA* cross the Seas,
 And hear a People speak her Praise,
 With *Britain* vie to hail the Dame,
 Who, + *GRANVILLE*, could exalt thy Name,
 Transmitting down thy Fame with Care,
 And double Lustre, in her Heir !

* Lord Carteret declar'd the second Time Lord Lieutenant.

† Countess of Granville.

¶ Author of the Travels of Cyrus.

§ Lady Carteret.

+ Earl of Bath, Father to the Countess of Granville.

To



To Mrs. S.— Written in my Sickness.

DEAR *Psyche*, come, with cheerful Face,
And bless this desolated Place.

O come ! my sickly Couch attend,
And ease the Anguish of your Friend.

Thy Soul, with ev'ry Grace supply'd,
Thy gen'rous Soul, in Friendship try'd,
With Wit, and nervous Sense delights ;
And steals away the tardy Nights.

Whilst others to Diversions fly,
You watch the Sleep-forsaken Eye :
To Thee was giv'n the wond'rous Pow'r,
To gild the melancholy Hour,
To sooth the long-distracted Brain,
And conquer ev'n the Tyrant *Pain*.



*To a Lady, who invited the Author into
the Country.*

HOW gladly, Madam, would I go,
To see your Gardens, and *Chateau* ;
From thence the fine Improvements view,
Or walk your verdant Avenue ;
Delighted, hear the Thrushes sing,
Or listen to some bubbling Spring ;
If Fate had giv'n me Leave to roam !
But Citizens must stay at home.

WE're lonesome since you went away,
And should be dead — but for our Tea ;
That *Helicon* of female Wits,
Which fills their Heads with rhyming Fits !

This

This Liquor seldom heats the Brain,
But turns it oft, and makes us vain ;
With Fumes supplies Imagination,
Which we mistake for Inspiration.

This makes us cramp our Sense in Fetters,
And tease our Friends with chiming Letters.

I G R I E V E your Brother has the Gout ;
Tho' he's so *stoically* stout,
I've heard him mourn his Loss of Pain,
And wish it in his Feet again.

What Woe poor Mortals must endure,
When Anguish is their only Cure !

STREPHON is ill ; and I perceive,
His lov'd *Elvira* grows so grave,
I fear, like *Niobe*, her Moan
Will turn herself and me to Stone.

Have I not Cause to dread this Fate,
Who scarce so much as smile of late ?

W H I L S T

WHILST lovely Landscapes you survey,
 And peaceful pass your Hours away,
 Refresh'd with various blooming Sweets ;
 I'm sick of Smells, and dirty Streets,
 Stifled with Smoke, and stunn'd with Noise
 Of ev'ry thing — but my own Boys ;
 Thro' Rounds of *plodding* doom'd to run,
 And very seldom see the Sun :
 Yet sometimes pow'rful Fancy reigns,
 And glads my Eyes with sylvan Scenes ;
 Where Time, enamour'd, slacks his Pace,
 Enchanted by the warbling Race ;
 And, in Atonement for his Stay,
 Thro' Cities hurries on the Day.

O ! WOULD kind Heav'n reverse my Fate,
 Give me to quit a Life I hate,
 To flow'ry Fields I soon would fly :
 Let others stay — to *cheat* and *lye*.

There,

There, in some blissful Solitude,
Where eating Care should ne'er intrude,
The Muse should do the Country Right,
And paint the glorious Scenes *you* slight.

Dublin, 1728.



To



To his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

*Occasion'd by seeing a Poem, intitled, The Birth of
Manly Virtue.*

THE Picture strikes — 'tis drawn with wondrous
Well has the Poet play'd the Painter's Part. [Art ;

Tho' 'tis *your Glory*, yet, my Lord, I own,

I grieve the Features fit yourself alone.

But know, tho' All agree the Picture's yours,

'Tis Steadiness alone your Claim secures.

With Pleasure now your Image you survey ;

But should you from the Rules of Virtue stray,

Should e'er degrading Vice deform your Frame,

You'd start, like *Io* from the crystal Stream.

WHEN

WHEN Kneller has display'd, with matchless Grace,
The fleeting Glories of *Clarinda's Face* ;
She sighs, to think how Time will soon devour
The lovely Bloom, which gives her now such Pow'r.
But yours, a Likeness of a nobler Kind,
Displays the deathless Beauties of the Mind :
Be it your Glory to surpass the Paint,
And make the finish'd Picture look too faint.

WHY is he hid, who, with such matchless Art,
Calls forth the Graces that adorn your Heart ?
True Poets in their deathless Lays should live,
And share that Immortality they give.



T

To



*To the Honourable Mrs. Percival, on her
desisting from the Bermudan Project. By
Mrs. Grierson.*

SOME Guardian Pow'rs, in Pity to our Land,
Your Voyage to the *Summer-Isles* withstand.
Heav'n will by other means convert the *West* ;
And you must make your native Country blest :
Your Busines there was but to serve Mankind ;
And here, for that, an ample Field you'll find ;
To Virtue, here, may thoughtless Souls persuade,
Instruct the Ignorant, the Wretched aid :
Of these no Realm, from *Lapland* to *Japan*,
Displays such Numbers, as *Hibernia* can.
Haste then, O haste ! return, and bless our Eyes,
Nor more the Call of Providence despise :

61

Let

Let others still near *Albion's* Court reside,
Who sacrifice their Country to their Pride,
And squander vast Estates at Balls and Play,
While public Debts increase, and Funds decay ;
While the starv'd Hind with Want distracted lives,
Nor tastes that Plenty, which his Labour gives.
Let those alone to foreign Countries stray,
Who, with their Wealth, their Follies take away.
Whatever such may act, where-e'er they go,
Do thou return, to mitigate our Woe.
Our Gold may flow to *Albion* with each Tide ;
But let them with that Gold be satisfy'd :
The Want of that we long have learnt to bear,
But Souls like thine accomplish'd, cannot spare.





*To Mrs. Newans, encouraging her to draw
Lady Killmorey's Picture.*

YOU say 'tis hard to copy well,
Where Nature does herself excel.
Allow'd — yet still let me advise:
Near as you can to Nature rise ;
Nor Time, nor Colours will be lost ;
The Draught will more than pay the Cost.
Then dare to draw that Angel Face ;
The Pencil may the Features trace ;
And, should her Air thy Art defeat,
Add Wings, the Piece will be complete.



To



To the Reverend Dr. L—.

Occasion'd by his Sermon for the Support of the Charity-Children at Tunbridge-Wells, where the Collection was small.

IN vain you shew a happy Nation,
The Gospel's gracious Dispensation;
And plead from thence, to bring up Youth
To early Piety and Truth.
To unattentive Ears you preach,
What Miseries alone can teach.

'Tis said, *Hibernia* boasts a Flood,
Famous for petrefying Wood :
Tunbridge, thy Min'ral Streams, we know,
A stranger Transformation show :
Their dire Effects the Wretched feel :
Thy Waters turn the Heart to Steel.

An

*An Epigram on the same Occasion.*

SO little giv'n at Chapel Door —
This People doubtless must be poor :
So much at Gaming thrown away —
No Nation sure so rich as they.
Britons, 'twere greatly for your Glory,
Should those, who shall transmit your Story,
Their Notions of your Grandeur frame,
Not as you *give*, but as you *game*.

*An*



An Epitaph on the late Lord Mac-Cashel.

CHILDREN are snatch'd away sometimes,
To punish Parents for their Crimes.

Thy Mother's Merit was so great,
Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely Fate,
To make her Character complete.
Tho' many Virtues fill'd her Breast,
'Twas *Resignation* crown'd the rest.



An



*An Apology for the Clergy, who were present
when the Minister of the Parish read
Prayers and preach'd twice in one Day,
at Tunbridge-Wells.*

Written at the Request of a Layman.

HOW well these *Laymen* love to gibe,
And throw their Jefts on *Levi's Tribe* !
Must *One* be toil'd to Death, they cry,
Whilst other Priests are yawning by ?
Forgetful that *He* reaps the Gain,
Why should *They* waste their Lungs in vain ?

WHEN Men were weak enough to prize
The *Christian Scheme*, as good and wise,
To think there was a Heav'n and Hell ;
To *pray* and *preach* did very well :

When

When Mortals look'd beyond the Grave,
A Priest, for *Conscience* sake, might slave :
But in this learned Realm and Age,
Where *Faith* is beaten off the Stage ;
This happy Realm, where *Reason* reigns,
And scorns to drag *Religion's* Chains ;
Where free-born *Britons*, ev'ry Day,
Sit down to feast, and rise to play ;
And, since their *Money* buys their Meat,
Won't thank their God for what they eat ;
Where ev'n some Chaplains fill their Place
Politely, without saying Grace ;

If here (where *Reason* swells so high,
It dares all other Pow'rs defy)
The Priests are, like the Laymen, wise,
Nor hope *Reversions* in the Skies ;
Why should they deign to preach, or pray,
For any View — — — but *present Pay* ?

U

Written



*Written at Dr. Mead's House in Ormond-
Street, to Mrs. Mead.*

BOOKS, Pictures, Statues, here we find,
And each excelling in their Kind.
Mead's Taste in ev'ry thing we view ;
But chiefly in his Choice of You.



Written



*Written upon the Rocks at Tunbridge, on
seeing the Names of several Persons
written there.*

HITHER, amongst the Couds, that shun
The smoaky Town, and sultry Sun,
In cooling Springs to seek for Health,
Or throw away superfluous Wealth,
A Native of *Hibernia* came,
Thus writ her Thoughts, but not her Name.

HITHER the *Britons*, void of Care,
A happy, free-born Race, repair :
Whilst I, who feel a diff'rent Fate,
Lament my Country's wretched State ;

The pitying Rocks return my Lays,
Just Emblem of the barren Bays.

THUS far — When, lo ! the God of Wit,
Who slightly glanc'd on what was writ,
Suspend, he cries, thy Cares a-while ;
My SACKVILLE soon shall bless your Isle :
No longer talk of barren Bays ;
Remember, 'tis a DORSET sways.



A Let-



*A Letter written from London to Mrs:
Strangeways Horner, whom the Author
had left the Day before at Tunbridge-
Wells. Oct. 1730.*

SAY, my *Hortensia*, in this silent Hour,
When the pale Queen of Night exerts her Pow'r,
What Guardian-Angels on thy Slumbers wait,
To paint the Glories of thy future State ;
To shew what Mansions, in the Realms divine,
Are set apart for Souls, refin'd as thine ?
Tho' thither, wing'd with Hope, thy Virtues soar,
Late, very late, may'st thou those Realms explore !

ALAS ! I left thee sick : O Shame to tell !
I should have staid to see *Hortensia* well :

But

But dire Necessity, relentless, sway'd ;
She, stern, enjoin'd, unwilling I obey'd.
Torn from thy Sight, how have I dragg'd the Day,
Which, in thy Presence, flew too swift away !
How shall I pass the melancholy Night ?
When will the Post arrive, and give Delight ?
Of thy returning Health when shall I hear ?
Fain would I hope, tho' quite depresso'd with Fear.

O Pow'r supreme ! yet, yet, *Hortensia* spare ;
The Stranger, and the Wretched, are her Care :
Snatch her not hence ; we cannot let her go ;
Still let her be thy Substitute below,
To raise the sinking Heart, to heal Distress ;
To her was giv'n the Will and Pow'r to bless.

O wouLD Heav'n grant me, ere I cross the Main,
To see thy Face, *Hortensia*, once again !
But I must hasten to *Hibernia's* Shore ;
And never, never, shall behold thee more.

To



To Mrs. Frances-Arabella Kelly.

TO Day, as at my Glass I stood,
To set my Head-cloaths, and my Hood ;
I saw my grizzled Locks with Dread,
And call'd to mind the *Gorgon's* Head.

THOUGHT I, whate'er the Poets say,
Medusa's Hair was only gray :
Tho' *Ovid*, who the Story told,
Was too well-bred to call her old ;
But, what amounted to the same,
He made her an immortal Dame.

YET now, whene'er a Matron sage
Hath felt the rugged Hand of Age,

You

You hear our witty Coxcombs cry,
Rot that old Witch — She'll never die.
Tho', had they but a little Reading,
Ovid would teach them better Breeding.

I FANCY now, I hear you say,
Grant Heav'n, my Locks may ne'er be gray !
Why am I told this frightful Story ?
To Beauty a *Memento mori*.

AND, as along the Room you pass,
Casting your Eye upon the Glass,
Surely, say you, this lovely Face
Will never suffer such Disgrace :
The Bloom, that on my Cheek appears,
Will never be impair'd by Years.
Her Envy, now, I plainly see,
Makes her inscribe those Lines to me.
These Beldams, who were born before me,
Are griev'd to see the Men adore me :

Their

Their snaky Locks freeze up the Blood ;
My Tresses fire the purple Flood.

UNNUMBER'D Slaves around me wait,
And from my Eyes expect their Fate.
I own, of Conquest I am vain,
Tho' I despise the Slaves I gain.
Heav'n gave me Charms, and destin'd me
For univerſal Tyranny.





*The RECANTATION: To the same
Lady.*

FORGIVE me, fair One, nor resent
The Lines to you I lately sent.
They seem, as if your Form you priz'd,
And ev'ry other Gift despis'd:
When a discerning Eye may find,
Your greatest Beauty's in your Mind.



To



*To the Honourable Mrs. Percival, with
Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and
Order. By Mrs. Grierson.*

TH' internal Senses painted here we see :

They're *born* in others, but they *live* in thee.
O were our Author with thy Converse blest,
Could he behold the Virtues of thy Breast ;
His needless Labours with Contempt he'd view ;
And bid the World not read —— but copy you !





*The Author, who had been engag'd to dine with
Mrs. Cæsar, was excus'd by that Lady, upon an
Invitation from Lord Carteret's ; and the next
Day Mrs. Cæsar was invited by the Speaker,
which occasion'd the following Lines.*

*To Mrs. Cæsar, at the Speaker's Lodgings
at Bath.*

WHEN lately you acquitted me,
With CARTERET I din'd ;
And, in Return, (tho' grievous) thee
To ONSLOW I resign'd.

'Tis wise the happy Hour to seize ;
For, search the Nation round,
Such Peers, or Commoners, as these,
Where are they to be found ?

Our

Our Situation's chang'd, you see :

(How Pleasures fleet away !)

But Yesterday you envy'd me ;

I envy you To day.



To



To the Right Honourable John Earl of Orrery, at Bath, after the Death of the late Earl.

TIS said, for ev'ry common Grief
The *Muses* can afford Relief:
And, surely, on that heav'nly Train
A **Boyle** can never call invain:
Then strait invoke the sacred *Nine*,
Nor impious flight their Gifts divine;
Dispel those Clouds, which damp your Fire;
Shew, *Bath*, like * *Tunbridge*, can inspire.

* Alluding to some Verses written by his Lordship, the Year before, at Tunbridge-Wells.



The



The Earl's Answer, written extempore.

NOR Bath, nor Tunbridge, can my Lays inspire;
Nor radiant Beauty make me strike the Lyre:
Far from the busy Croud I sit, forlorn;
And sigh in secret, and in Silence mourn:
Nor can my Anguish ever find an End;
I weep a Father, and have lost a Friend.



Reply



Reply to the foregoing Verses.

WHY did I hope to make your Anguish less ?
I try'd to cure, and I have caught, Distress.
Suppress your Sighs, dry up your Tears ; 'tis Time :
Excess of Virtue may become a Crime.
You lost, you say, a Friend, and Father too ;
But know, Mankind would lose a Friend in you.



On



On leaving Bath.

THE Britons, in their Nature shy,
View Strangers with a distant Eye :
We think them partial and severe ;
And judge their Manners by their Air :
Are undeceiv'd by Time alone ;
Their Value rises, as they're known.

HERE many a worthy Mind I found,
With Sense and Taste, by Virtue crown'd,
At once so truly good and great,
They knew to bear a prosp'rous State.

Few take from noble Blood Pretence
To act or look with Insolence :

X

Veins,

Veins, with the richest Purple dy'd,
But seldom swell the Heart with Pride.
So, tho' the River-Gods, from high,
With plenteous Urns the Streams supply,
Which still enlarge, as they descend,
Roll down, and in the Ocean end,
Thro' Ages pour'd, yet, to our Eyes,
Old Ocean is too great to rise.

THE gen'rous Treatment I have met,
Hath run me deep in *Albion's* Debt :
And, could my artless Lines impart
The grateful Dictates of my Heart,
Latest Posterity should know
The Sense I have of what I owe.

DEAR Bath, a long, a last Adieu !
Since I no more shall visit you,
Nor fix'd by Choice, but barr'd by Fate,
From a Felicity so great.

O may

O may thy Waters ever be
Healthful to others, as to me !
Had *Ovid*, with prophetic View,
Beheld the Wonders wrought by you,
Medea's Arts he might have spar'd,
And Life by thee alone repair'd.





An Epigram on the Battle of the Books.

SWIFT for the *Antients* has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence, that the *Moderns* excel.



Written



*Written at Camberwell, near London, in
the Study of Mr. Wainwright, now Baron
of the Exchequer in Ireland, where the
Author accidentally din'd alone.*

WHILST happily I pass my Hours
In *Camberwell's* delightful Bow'rs ;
From thence the beauteous Walks survey ;
Or thro' the fragrant Mazes stray ;
Or o'er the Study cast my Eye,
Where **VIRGIL**, **COKE**, and **HORACE** lie,
Just Emblem of a Bosom grac'd
With Law, and Elegance of Taste ;
APOLLO I invoke in vain,
APOLLO answers with Disdain :

" **MORTAL**,

" MORTAL, you're here allow'd to roam,
" And bid to think yourself at home :
" O'er the Domesticks then preside ;
" Let that content your Female Pride ;
" In vain you call on me To-day ;
" Here WAINWRIGHT only I obey. "



To



To Mrs. Putland.

UNCOMMON Charms, I plainly see,
Compleat the Fair for Tyranny.

Then, lest your Form should make you vain
Of Conquest, and of giving Pain,
Those, whom your Beauties have enslav'd,
By me shall now be undeceiv'd.

LONG was I Fool enough to view
Thy rapt'rous Shape, and thought it new ;
Till lately reading WALLER o'er,
I found 'twas AMORET's before.



Occasion'd



*Occasion'd by seeing the Honourable — —
treat a Person of Merit with Insolence,
who came to make a Request to her.*

CONTENTED in my humble State,
I look with Pity on the Great ;
Who only Birth, or Wealth, respect,
And treat true Merit with Neglect.

O Pow'r supreme, let me implore
Some Little from thy boundless Store !
Give me a constant, small Support,
Without the Plague of paying Court !
Let none but Fools, who pine to rise,
Be curs'd to bow, where they despise.

To



To the Right Honourable the Lady Kilmorey, with a Letter, which was written by the late Lady Roydon, of the Kingdom of Ireland, just before her Death.

START not, nor tremble at the Sight of this ;
It comes not written from the Realms of Blis :
'Tis true, you see your once-lov'd ROYDON's Hand ;
Thence may conclude from Heav'n some high Command ;
Conscious perhaps of your celestial Frame,
You think you're call'd to Worlds from whence you came ;
Not so — but ere her Soul began its Flight,
She thought of you, and staid a-while to write ;
Kindly for me her dying Suit address'd :
Then view it, Madam, as her last Request.



To Dr. Mead, on his Cape Wine.

YOUR Wine, by *Southern Suns* refin'd,

Is a just Emblem of your Mind :

Like You, the gen'rous Juice displays

Its Influence a thousand Ways ;

Like You, it raises finking Hearts,

Inspiring, and rewarding Arts ;

Dispels the Spleen, and conquers Pain,

Calls back departing Life again.



To



*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery,
on his Promise to sup with me.*

THO' the *Muse* had deny'd me so often before,
I ventur'd this Day to invoke her once more.
She ask'd what I wanted ; I said, with Delight,
Your Lordship had promis'd to sup here To-night ;
That on an Occasion so much to my Honour,
I hop'd she'd excuse me for calling upon her.

To this she reply'd, with Disdain in her Looks :
If that be the Case, go summon your Cooks.
I told her in Answer, How little you eat ;
That in vain I should hope to regale you with Meat ;
That she knew, Wit and Humour to you were a Feast,
Who had, tho' no *Stomach*, an excellent *Taste*.

THIS calm'd her Resentment; she paus'd for a while —
Then the Goddess, propitious, reply'd with a Smile:
If with Humour and Wit you would have him delighted,
What need I be call'd? — Let the Dean be invited.
The Bus'ness is done, if with him you prevail;
For a BOYLE, and a SWIFT, will each other regale.

Capel-street, Dublin,
Jan. 24. 1732.



To



To Mr. Pope: Intreating him to write Verses to the Memory of Thomas, late Earl of Thanet.

SHALL for the * *Man of Ross* thy Lyre be strung,
And sleeps illustrious THANET yet unsung?
Since to distinguish Merit is thy Care,
Let THANET in thy deathless Praises share:
Let me, unequal to the Task, excite
Thy matchless Muse, to do his Merit Right:
Numbers, like thine, should call his Virtues forth;
Poetic Mirrors should be true to Worth;
Disdaining to reflect those glitt'ring Rays,
Which flow from Pomp, or from Ambition's Blaze.

* *Epistle to Lord Bathurst, on the Use of Riches.*

FROM Scenes of Woe, unmov'd, whilst Others fly,
And turn from Anguish the unmelting Eye ;
THANET pursues the Footsteps of the Poor,
And silent enters thro' the lonely Door ;
Fair *Plenty* in his Train, and *Joy*, and *Health*,
Seeking Distress, as others seek for Wealth :
With God-like Pity ev'ry Pray'r receives,
Each Wish fulfils, and ev'ry Want relieves :
Where Sicknes reigns, he, to his utmost Pow'r,
Softens the Anguish of each dismal Hour :
He smooths the rugged Brow of anxious Care,
And gilds the gloomy Prospect of Despair :
Whilst Libertines on Vice their Wealth employ,
He makes the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy :
Orphans no more their Parents lost complain ;
In THANET's Bounty they revive again,
Nor for this Life alone would he provide ;
To Life eternal THANET was their Guide :

Nor

Nor on Morality alone depends ;
But to the noblest Heights of Faith ascends :
Devotion's heav'nly Flame inspir'd his Breast ;
Still in the Temple were his Vows address'd :
Tho' he in Virtue's Paths, delighted, trod,
Studious to please, and imitate his God ;
The hallow'd Altar, grateful, he survey'd,
And there his lowly Adoration paid.

SEE the pale, childless Miser hoard up Wealth,
And, trembling, snatch an anxious View by Stealth ;
Amass the shining Ore with guilty Care,
To aggrandize some distant, worthless Heir ;
Who longs, impatient, for the solemn Toll,
Which, slow, proclaims the sad-departed Soul ;
Then eyes with Joy the care-collected Hoard,
And spends, profuse, what Avarice had stor'd ;
By Fortune's sudden Smiles to Madness fir'd,
He wastes on ev'ry Vice, what Guilt acquir'd.

So dwells on Mountain-Tops the *Northern* Snow,
 Congeal'd by Frosts, for Years untaught to flow ;
 Till hotter Suns more vig'rous Beams display ;
 The Mass relents, the glitt'ring Piles decay ;
 Sudden, from high, resounding Torrents flow,
 Impetuous rushing on the Vales below ;
 O'erwhelm the Harvest of the pining Swain,
 And curse with Floods, which should have bles'd the Plain.

ON THANET Heav'n its happier Influence shed ;
 A num'rous Off-spring grac'd his Nuptial Bed :
 And yet those Motives to paternal Care
 Steel'd not his Breast against the Suppliant's Pray'r.
 Studious to draw down Blessings on his Race,
 His Bounties with his Progeny increase.
 Like *Egypt*'s Flood, beneficent he rose ;
 Silent, tho' vast, his well-judg'd Bounty flows ;
 O'er the parch'd Earth it spreads its ample Course,
 Profuse of Good, but, modest, hides its Source.

Ask

Ask not, to what his Charities amount ;
So many *Myriads* fwell the vast Account.

YE vain Pretenders to superior Sense,
Ye empty Boasters of Beneficence,
Who in the *Scorners Seat*, exulting, sit,
And vaunt your impious Raillery for Wit,
The Gospel-Rule defective you pretend,
When you the social Duties recommend :

In THANET see them heighten'd and refin'd ;
In THANET see the Friend of human Kind ;
Heighten'd by Faith, see ev'ry Virtue's Force ;
By Faith, their surest Sanction, noblest Source.

Loudly ye boast a more than *Christian Zeal*,
For Virtue's Int'rest, and the public Weal ;
Best by Effects are Boastings understood ;
Come, prove your Ardor for the public Good !
The mighty Heroes of your Tribe survey,
Their ev'ry hidden Excellence display ;

A a

Or

Or dead, or living, set their Virtues forth ;
 Let all, united, vie with THANET's Worth ;
 Free-thinkers, Moralists, on you I call,
 Can THANET's Worth be equall'd by you all ?

ACCEPT, illustrious Shade ! these artless Lays ;
 My Soul this Homage to thy Virtue pays :
 Led by that sacred Light, a Stranger-Muse
 Attempts those Paths, which abler Feet refuse ;
 In distant Climes thy Virtue she admires,
 In distant Climes thy Worth her Strain inspires.

LONG to thy Tomb the Wretched shall repair,
 And to thy Ashes pay a silent Tear ;
 Shall to the Traveller thy Worth relate,
 And Emulation thro' the World create :
 Ages to come shall celebrate thy Fame,
 And Orphans, yet unborn, shall blefs thy Name.

WHEN

WHEN the firm Basis of the Earth gives Way,
And Nature's Self shall feel her last Decay ;
When those, who from the Wretched turn'd their Eye,
Too late relenting, shall for Mercy cry ;
The Thousands thou hast fed, shall, in thy Praise,
Their loud *Hosanna's* to JEHOVAH raise ;
Thy modest Worth shall veil itself no more ;
Angels shall tell what THANET hid before.





*To Mrs. Anne Donnellan, with the fourth
ESSAY on MAN.*

DEAR *Philomela*, oft you condescend,
With Notes Seraphic, to transport your Friend :
Then in Return, let Verse your Soul rejoice,
Wife, as your Converse, rapt'rous, as your Voice.



Written



*Written for my Son, and spoken by him, at
a public Examination for Victors.*

TO you, *Athenians*, we again submit ;
Reward, or punish us, as you think fit.
Let Idleness, unpity'd, meet Disgrace ;
For Idleness, this Year, is doubly base.
This is the *Æra*, this the destin'd Year,
For Arts and Sciences to flourish here.
The *Muses*, exil'd long, to Court repair ;
And — strange to think ! are all the Fashion there,

WHO feels not now a gen'rous Emulation,
When Merit raises to the highest Station ?
Scholars may surely hope a better Fate,
Whilst **CARTERET** directs the Helm of State.

O would he govern here by *Grecian* Rules,
 And chuse a Senate, to preside o'er Schools ;
 Honour, alone, to pay the glorious Task,
 (A Recompence no Foreigner would ask)
 Then kind *Britannia*, doubtless, would consent,
Hibernia should supply a President.

Too oft, alas ! are Talents misapply'd,
 By Parents Fondness, Ignorance, and Pride.
 This Grievance then would cease, and we should be
 Regarded, as the Publick's Property :
 Genius alone would be consulted then,
 (The only Way to make us useful Men)
 And each would have his sev'ral Task assign'd,
 As Nature gave the Bias to his Mind.

Boys of a brutal, cruel Disposition,
 Should go to *Spain*, to serve the *Inquisition*.
 O what a Change in Landlords would appear !
 Next Age, not one would rack his Tenants here.

THE Lads, who study but to dress and dance,
Should cultivate their Worthlessness in *France*.

THOSE who love Liberty, to *Albion* roam ;
But, could they bear Oppression, stay at home.

THEN glorious Ancestors would cease to be
Degraded by a worthless Progeny.
None should from noble Blood their Lineage trace,
Unless they added Lustre to their Race.
That the degenerate Off-spring of the Great
Might be no more a Burden to the State ;
The Sons of Peers, with mean, ignoble Hearts,
In *Holland* should be taught mechanic Arts ;
And Boys of Genius to those Honours soar,
Which high-born Dunces but disgrac'd before :
See *Nature*, thus, the gen'rous Juice divide ;
The *Spirit* rises, and the *Dregs* subside.

THUS

THUS modell'd, we may hope for happier Times;
Our Isle will be rever'd by distant Climes:
And, lest Posterity should think us rude,
And lost, at once, to Shame and Gratitude;
A Patriot Race shall sing the *Drapier's* Praise,
And civic Crowns shall mingle with His Bays:
Nor shall His *Works* alone His Worth proclaim,
(Tho' none, like those, can eternize His Name)
His *Statue* shall be rais'd in ev'ry Street,
With proud *Oppression*, writhing at His Feet;
At His Right-hand fair *Liberty* shall smile,
Protected by the Guardian of our Isle;
On t'other Side, the Goddess *Fame* shall stand,
With His immortal Labours in her Hand:
Then shall each gen'rous Youth, who passes by,
And sees the Patriot's Image, plac'd on high,
With Emulation feel his Bosom fir'd,
And thus break forth, by Gratitude inspir'd.

“ O THOU, whose Genius rose, to save the State,
“ And snatch Thy Country from the Brink of Fate !
“ When for Thy Life *Hibernia* sues in vain,
“ And Heav’n no longer will Thy Crown detain ;
“ Her grateful Sons, already rob’d in White,
“ Shall hail Thee, glorious, in the Realms of Light.



B b

To



To Mrs. Armine Cartwright, at Bath.

LOVELY *Armina*, o'er her Books reclin'd,
Impairs her Body, to improve her Mind :
Of Wisdom fond, as others are of Wealth,
In that Pursuit will sacrifice her Health :
Then, Miser-like, when she has gain'd the Prize,
Hides both Herself, and Treasure, from our Eyes.
In this alone, *Armina*, you're to blame :
Regardless of your Health, or Friendship's Claim :
A giddy, thoughtless World your Aid require ;
And Ignorance prevails, when you retire.
Why, Form'd to please! and why, Improv'd with Care!
Is there no *End*, in being *Wise*, and *Fair*?

To



To the Right Honourable the Earl of Thomond, at Bath ; who charg'd the Author with making an Irish Bull.

O BRIAN, we're in Story told,
Thy Ancestors wore Crowns of old :
In fair *Hibernia's Isle* they reign'd ;
A Country, by their Sons disdain'd !
Too apt to charge their native Isle
With ev'ry Vice of Speech and Style :
Yet thy *ELIZA, great and good,
Of SEYMOUR's, and of PIERCY's Blood,
(Whose Ancestors, to Fame well known,
When injur'd, shook the *British Throne* ;)

* Elizabeth Countess of Thomond, Daughter of Charles Duke of Somerset, and Lady Elizabeth Piercy.

Will not thy native Isle deride,
 Tho' to an higher Crown ally'd.
 And shall *Hibernia* fear Disgrace,
 From THOMOND, of *Milesian* Race?
 It ill becomes thee thus to treat
 Thy Family's Imperial Seat.

G R E A T * B O I R O I M K E ! look down and see
 This Change in thy Posterity ;
 Who quit all Titles to thy Throne,
 But Hospitality alone.

* Bryen Boiroimke, King of Ireland, remarkable in History for his Valour in Defence of his Country, Hospitality, &c. from whom the present Earl of Thomond is lineally descended.



To



To Mrs. Strangeways Horner, with a Letter from my Son ; wherein he desires me to accept his first Prize of Learning, conferr'd on him by the University of Dublin.

O Thou, with ev'ry Virtue grac'd,
Adorn'd with Wit, and Sense, and Taste ;
Who, with a Goodness unconfin'd,
Delight'st in blessing human Kind,
Whose Woes so oft thy Peace destroy ;
'Tis just, thou shouldst partake their Joy :
Then in my Transport deign to share ;
Behold this Letter from my *Heir* :
There see the Picture of a Mind,
In Duty, as in Arts, refin'd ;

Who,

Who, in full Triumph, could submit
His Trophies at his Parent's Feet.

So he, in *Roman* Story fam'd,
Who from *Corioli* was nam'd,
With Joy engag'd in glorious Toils,
To glad his Mother with the Spoils :
Her Son, by *Roman* Arms, o'ercame ;
By *Roman* Arts, mine soars to Fame.

METHINKS, I see your Friendship rise,
And sparkle in your lovely Eyes.
Your *Heir* ! (I hear you now repeat)
I long to know of your *Estate*.
Say —— Is it an *Hibernian* Bog,
Where *Phœbus* seldom shines for Fog ?

HORTENSIA, there he sometimes shines ;
But oft'ner hides his Head, and pines,
On happier Climes to look, nor see
Such dismal Scenes of Poverty ;

Nor

Nor see an Isle, by Nature bless'd,
By ill-judg'd Policy oppres'd ;
Her Trade usurp'd by foreign Lands,
Whilst *Albion* fast ties up her Hands :
Nor see her Sons in Science skill'd,
And yet her Posts by Strangers fill'd.

BUT, since of my Estate you ask,
The Answer is no easy Task.

Criticks, not *Lawyers*, are to show,
Whether my Title's good, or no.
Ovid has long ago defin'd,
What Lands are to the Muse assign'd :
'Tis but a barren Soil, 'tis true,
Not such as Heav'n bestow'd on You ;
(Yet, Miser-like, our Lands you seize ;
And *win*, but will not *wear*, the Bays :)
A steep, a flipp'ry, dang'rous Hill,
Which we, alas ! are climbing still ;

Still

Still think there's better Land up higher,
Which all would gain, but few acquire.
If low or beaten Paths we trace,
We're deem'd an abject, grov'ling Race :
And oft, when we attempt to soar,
We miss our Aim, and fall the lower :
Tho' some by magic Numbers found
The Art to gain the highest Ground ;
Yet most of those, alas ! we know,
Had Cause to wish they'd stay'd below ;
Rather than be exalted there,
To starve in pure poetic Air ;
Whilst tasteless Wights, in Valleys fed,
Despise the Wits in Want of Bread.

Y E T sometimes we in Story find
An Instance of a noble Mind,
That made APOLLO's Shrine its Care,
And blefs'd the Tribe that worshipp'd there.

High

High in the deathless Lifts of Fame,
Revere the godlike SIDNEY's Name :
There DORSET, and SOUTHAMPTON, view ;
And there the Poets MONTAGU.
ELIZA paid her SPENCER's Toil
With Acres of *Hibernian* Soil :
And now illustrious CAROLINE
Resolves to raise the drooping *Nine* ;
With Pleasure saw the lab'ring Hind
Studious to cultivate his Mind ;
And deign'd to smile on * rural Lines,
Where so much native Beauty shines.

HORTENSIA, I revere your † Friend :
May Blessings on her Head descend,
Who made a Peasant's Merit known,
And plac'd the Poor before the Throne :
Thus imitates the Pow'r Divine,
And proves her Soul ally'd to thine.

* Duck's *Poems*.

† Mrs. Clayton.



*On imagining a Friend had treated the
Author with Indifference.*

GO, *Jealousy*, Tormentress dire ;
On Lovers only seize :
In *Love*, like Winds, you fan the Fire,
And make it higher blaze,

But *Friendship's* calmer, purer Joy
Thou dost not heighten, but destroy.



To



To the Right Honourable Charlotte Lady Conway, on her resolving to leave Bath.

O CHARLOTTE, truly pious, early wise !

The Pleasures sought by others, you despise :
Nor *Bath*, nor *Bath's* Allurements thee detain ;

Unmov'd, you quit them to the Gay and Vain.
But tho' nor Health, nor Pleasure will prevail ;
The Happiness you give, should turn the Scale.

O stay, and teach the Virtues of thy Breast :

Thousands by thy Example may be blest :
A Mind so humble, and so truly great,

So fitted to oblige in ev'ry State ;

A Manner, so engaging and discrete,

A Manner, so inimitably sweet !

These, and thy thousand Charms, who can express ?

SEYMOUR, how vast a Treasure you possess !



*An Invitation to Edward Walpole, Esq;
upon hearing he was landed in Dublin.*

WHEN I heard you were landed, I flew to the Nine,
Intreating their Aid, to invite you to dine.
They told me, I came on that Errand too late ;
For you were engag'd by the Rich, and the Great.
Already ! said I, they were speedy indeed :
However I'll try, and I hope to succeed.
Those Creatures of Pow'r, who your Levee attend,
If your Father were out, their Conge's would end :
Tho' your personal Merit is great, 'tis allow'd ;
'Tis the Son of the Statesman, that weighs with the Croud.
I expect not a Place, nor hope for a Pension.
The Love of the Muse is my only Pretension.

I hate to abuse — and I never can flatter :
I write for no Party, nor either bespatter.

FROM the Lands of *Parnassus* the Rents are ill-paid,
And *England* has cruelly cramp'd us in Trade :
So look not for China, or Service of Plate,
Or ought that is costly, to tempt you to eat.
Yet a Way to engage you I think I have hit on :
I mean, to remember our Friends in *Great-Britain*.
Two Bottles of Wine, and two Dishes I'll give :
Then fly from the Crouds that oppresſ you — and live.

THE first Glass shall welcome you, Sir, to our Coast;
And dear Lady * CONWAY shall be my next Toast.
With Mirth, and Good-humour, I'll make up the Treat;
I know you're too wise, to love dining in State.

* Charlotte *Lady Conway*.



To



*To the Reverend Mr. Mabell, of Cambridge,
who has publish'd Proposals for a Trans-
lation of Longinus.*

By William Ward, Esq;

BATH, Dec. 20. 1731.

THO' great *Longinus* claims thy aiding Hand,
And hopes, thro' thee, t' instruct a barb'rous Land,
Where vile Conceits the Pow'r of Wit confound,
And true *Sublimity* is lost in *Sound* ;
Where *Folly*, dress'd ten thousand various Ways,
The Bar, the Play-house, and the Pulpit sways ;
Yet to my Verse thy kind Attention lend ;
Pardon the Poet, and indulge the Friend.

FROM Noise, and Nonsense, and vain Laughter free,
I steal a thoughtful Hour, and give to thee ;

To

To thee, Conductor of my heedless Youth,
Who taught me first to rev'rence Sense, and Truth;
Virtue to praise; and boldly Vice deride,
With all the Pomp of Fashion on her Side.

BEHOLD the Scene a motley Tribe compose,
Wives, Widows, Maids, and intermingled Beaux,
All Orders, Ages, in one League unite,
And to dear *Passage* consecrate the Night !

Now the Dice rattle in the sounding Box ;
Now groans the Table with repeated Knocks ;
(Delightful Music to the Gamester's Ear !)

While ev'ry Bosom beats with Hope or Fear.

A *Pass* resounds —— What wond'rous Transports rise
In *Celia's* Breast, and lighten in her Eyes !
She sweeps the Board — The Fop, with ardent Gaze,
Admires the Beauty that her Arm displays.
But who, unmov'd, can bear the piteous Sight,
While *Cynthia* frets and raves at Fortune's Spite ?

Fled from her Cheek are ev'ry Love and Grace,
 And all the *Fury* threatens in her Face :
 Distracted, lost, with Grief and Rage o'ercome,
 She quits the Dice, and flies to storm at home.
 When I a Curse implore, may courteous Fate
 With such a Confort curse the Man I hate !
 But is there One amongst the Many found,
 Adorn'd with Modesty, with Reason crown'd ;
 Who treads the flipp'ry Paths of Youth with Care,
 And uninfected breathes in tainted Air ?
 If such there be, kind Heav'n, afford thy Aid,
 And soften to my Wish the virtuous Maid !

SEE the Belle flutter with the sprightly Beau !
 They trip it on the light, fantastic Toe :
 Nor Words, nor Sighs, their am'rous Thoughts impart ;
 They dance, and glitter at each other's Heart !

WITH honest Scorn survey yon various Croud,
 Of supple Slaves, or Lords of Titles proud !

Stiff.

Stiff-nodding Fools ! a Mob in Masquerade !

Whom Honours brand, and Dignities upbraid.

Y E T some there are, with Worth and Wisdom blest,
A noble Few ! who satirize the rest ;
Who scorn to boast their great Fore-father's Rays,
Shine of themselves, and mingle Blaze with Blaze.
And such is ORRERY ; whose gen'rous Mind,
Still prone to Pity, feels for human Kind.
A Zeal for Piety inflames his Breast,
Temper'd with Charity, in Meekness dress'd :
Grandeur and Ease his ev'ry Action guide ;
He nor assumes, nor condescends, in Pride :
Add sprightly Wit, by prudent Laws confin'd,
A Judgment sober, and by Books refin'd :
Add, that the *Muses* ev'ry Charm dispense,
To tune his Voice, and beautify the Sense.

D d

THIS

THIS to my Friend: And, O! may this inspire
Love of fair Fame, and fan the sacred Fire!
Dare to have Taste, and urge thy glorious Toil,
To teach th' Unknowing, and to please a BOY LE.



To



*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery,
in Dublin : Upon receiving an Account
from Mrs. Barber, of his Lordship's
great Generosity to her.*

By the Same.

LET Others speak your Titles, and your Blood ;
Accept from Me the glorious Name of GOOD.
This Honour only from fair Virtue springs,
Ennobles Slaves, adds Dignity to Kings.

O BORN to shew Nobility design'd
Not to insult, but to protect Mankind !
Well you discern to spare, or to bestow ;
Nor waste in Riot, what to Worth you owe.

Judgment your Bounty guides ; and all agree,
'Tis Praise, 'tis Glory, to receive from Thee.

Gen'rous thy Gifts ; but more thy matchless Art,
To spare the Blush, and doubly bind the Heart.

THO' Fortune place me in a distant Scene ;
And Mountains rise, and Oceans roll between ;
O'er Mountains, Oceans, Gratitude conveys
The good Man's Act, and wide extends his Praise.
Strange ! that your Judgment errs in this alone ;
Barber you bless, yet hope your Gifts unknown.
'Tis Hers to bring each lovely Deed to Light,
And force unwilling Virtue to the Sight :
'Tis Hers, and 'tis Her Muse's greatest Pride,
A Favour never to forget, or bide.

ILLUSTRIOS Youth ! and let me style you Friend !
O look with Candour on the Lines I send !
Warm from the Heart my artless Numbers fall ;
Nor wait Correctness, when your Virtues call.

Here,

Here, bless'd with all that human Life requires,
Superior to vain Fears, or low Desires ;
In cheerful Solitude, in studious Ease ;
Careful my Conscience, and my God, to please ;
I think on Thee, when Want, or Worth implore ;
And unrepining share my little Store.
So Stars attend the beauteous Queen of Night ;
And faintly shine, nor emulate her Light.

Edmonton, April 5. 1733.



To



To Mrs. Ward.

By the Same.

O Thou, my beauteous, ever tender Friend,
Thou, on whom all my worldly Joys depend,
Accept these Numbers ; and with Pleasure hear
Unstudy'd Truth, which Few, alas ! can bear ;
While conscious Virtue takes the Muse's Part,
Glows on thy Cheek, and warms thy gen'rous Heart.

LET Birth-day Suits be thoughtless CELIA's Care,
And Rows of Di'monds recommend the Fair ;
While gazing Crouds around the Pageant press,
Charm'd with her Pride, and Luxury of Dress :
Far other Joys thy just Ambition move,
To cherish and reward a Husband's Love ;

To

To slight vain Titles, in Retreat to shine,
Shun public Praise, and call a Poet thine.
And know, ye Fair, a Poet can supply
What Wealth, and Pow'r, and Equipage deny.
When the vain Bus'ness of your Lives is o'er,
And the Glass frightens whom it charm'd before,
When not a Trace remains of what you were,
And not a Compliment salutes your Ear;
Without one Virtue, to redeem Respect,
Without one Beauty, to forbid Neglect :
With Tears unpity'd, you may then lament
The gloomy Setting of a Life mis-spent;
Nor *Delia's* Choice with witty Malice blame,
Who gave up Show for Happiness and Fame.

O! If the Muse, not uninspir'd, divine,
Thy bright Example shall for ever shine;
Teach the wise Virgin where to fix her Choice,
And weigh no Marriage by the common Voice;

Burial

To

To yield with Dignity; reject with Grace;
Nor tire the Lover with a tedious Chace.
With Ease to conquer, and with Ease retain,
Brighten Prosperity, or soften Pain:
Know Woman's Glory, and her proper End,
Live to her Husband, Family, and Friend;
Thro' varying Life her various Virtues prove,
Honour her Portion here, and Bliss above.

SAY, What Persuasion, or what Arts of mine,
Could gain a Passage to a Soul like thine?
Where Female Softness, Strength of Reason meet,
A piercing Judgment, and a Wit discrete;
Where ev'ry Passion, ev'ry Duty, knows
Its proper Bounds, and not unlicenc'd flows.
Say, for thou know'st, my ever-ablest Guide,
(One doubtful Act remains unjustify'd)
On Me, on Me, thy choicest Favours fell;
Could You so err, or I deserve so well?

Instruct

Instruct me thou the happy Art to steer,
And still with Modesty thy Conduct clear:
So in thy Praises may the World agree;
Nor load with Vanity the Muse and Me.

WITH Song still usher'd shall the Morn arise,
That shew'd thee first, all-charming, to my Eyes:
I gaz'd with Rapture, yet chafiz'd with Awe:
So the First Man descending Angels saw.
Speaking, or silent, O! secure to charm,
To win with Wisdom, or with Beauty warm;
The Graces unobserv'd, with easy Care,
Form thy soft Accents, and compose thy Air,
I saw, and heard, nor heard, nor saw, unmov'd,
Unknowing, or I durst not know, I lov'd.
What thence I suffer'd, let high Heav'n declare,
Pitying my Grief, propitious to my Pray'r.
Heav'n try'd my Passion, and pronounc'd it true;
Hence I embolden'd, and hence softer You.

E e

Yet

Yet oft with-held, and faltering oft with Pain,
My Tongue half utters, what my Eyes explain.
Nor prone to flatter, nor to Virtue blind ;
Not void of Knowledge, and to learn inclin'd ;
Nor sprung from noble, nor ungen'rous Blood ;
Boasting a Father honest, wife, and good ;
Such long observ'd, and by long Converse shown ;
My Temper, Manners, and my Failings known ;
You trust my Vows, and pity Love sincere ;
Haste to relieve, and smile away my Fear ;
Give all you can, and all the rest forsake,
The noblest Sacrifice that Love could make !
Of what Avail the Use of Wealth to Thee ?
Or what the Blessing, if unshar'd with Me ?
O doubly honour'd by the grateful Mind,
For what you bring, and what you leave behind !

Is there a Man in Science not unread,
In simple Neatness elegantly bred,

Of what or Health or Nature asks, possess'd,
Receiv'd by all, and by his Friends caref'sd,
False and infidious can the Fair pursue,
And look on Beauty with a Miser's View ?
Taught by the Muse such abject Souls to hate,
And hope sweet Converse from the Marriage-State ;
I place my Triumphs in a matchless Wife,
Nor seek superfluous Vanities of Life :
Thus, unobnoxious to Detraction's Aim,
Nor base Suspicion can attaint my Fame.

DEGEN'RATE Thought ! Let fland'rous Tongues affail,
Spread all their Poison, all their Rage prevail ;
So gracious Heav'n restore thee to enjoy
What Love could leave, but Wisdom could employ.

MEANWHILE my *Delia* manifests her Worth ;
The Loss of Riches calls her Prudence forth :
Behold her now with Dignity descend ;
And low, but necessary, Cares attend ;

212 P O E M S

Chearful, what Fortune not allows, resign ;
 And (harder still) her Charities confine :
 But Heav'n in secret sees the kind Intent,
 Each Act of Pity, or of Bounty, meant ;
 Heav'n sees in secret ; but in open Day
 Will crown thy Merit, and thy Praise display.
 Tho' small thy Store, not Millions could suffice,
 To furnish all thy lib'r al Thought supplies.
 How oft thy lov'd *Sapphira* melts thy Breast,
 Obscur'd her Worth, her Genius half-depress'd !
 How oft thy Fancy helps Old-Age along,
 Or hears the Widow's, and the Orphan's Song !
 Now visionary Temples rise around ;
 And half thy Empire, GEORGE, is sacred Ground.

FROM Thee, my *Delia*, from thy watchful Care,
 My Little lasts, my Little, Friends can share :
 Nor Debts distract, nor Usuries devour ;
 Poor if I am, within my Fortune poor.

Smile on, my Fair, tho' cautious, void of Fear,
Wife to shun Sorrows, or prepar'd to bear.
Who copies Thee, shall never fail to find,
'Midst Clouds and Storms, the Sun-shine of the Mind :
For Piety (whatever Ill impends)
Omniscience guides, Omnipotence defends.

BLESS'D in Retirement, Competence, and Love,
Below all Envy, and all Vice above,
Crown'd with Content, I only burn to show,
(Hopeless to recompense) how much I owe.
O born with Genius, and with Learning fill'd,
In ev'ry Rule of happy Writing skill'd ;
Whom Beauties strike, false Ornaments offend ;
Who weigh with Care each Author's Scope and End ;
Know why POPE slackens, or augments his Fire ;
And oft, where others damn, the most admire ;
(So shallow Wits, with bolder Folly, blame,
From Parts, the faultless Universal Frame :

But

But NEWTON's Genius could the Whole explore,
See All was good, and Wisdom's Hand adore)
This Verse (you know me free from faulty Pride)
Or kindly authorize, or kindly hide :
Approve ; and Fame shall sanctify my Lays :
Supress ; yet Love my grateful Labour pays.



Written



*Written at Tunbridge-Wells, where the
Author had, the Year before, been ho-
nour'd with the Acquaintance of Mrs.
Strangeways Horner, who, after, went
abroad on account of her Health.*

THese Plains, so joyous once to me,
Now sadly chang'd appear :
Hortensia I no more can see,
Who patroniz'd me here.

Fair Excellence, where-e'er you go,
May Kindred Angels wait,
To guard you thro' this Vale of Woe,
To your celestial Seat.

Sage

Sage BOERHAAVE! now exert your Art,
New Medicines explore :
A purer, or a nobler Heart,
Ne'er sought thy Aid before.

Your choicest Springs, *Germania*, give :
Goddess of *Health*, attend :
Long, long, and happy may she live,
The lonely Stranger's Friend.



An



*To Novella, on her saying deridingly, that a Lady
of great Merit, and fine Address, was bred in
the Old Way.*

An EPIGRAM:

YOU cry, *She's bred in the Old Way;*
Then into Laughter fall :
Were she as just to you, she'd say,
You are not bred at all.



F f

The



*The Speech of CUPID, upon seeing himself
painted by the Honourable Miss Carteret,
(now Countess of Dysert) on a Fan.*

Written by Mrs. Grierson.

IN various Forms have I been shown,
Tho' little yet to Mortals known; But as old as VI
In antient Temples painted blind,
Nor less imperfect in my Mind :
Abroad I threw my random Darts,
And, spitesful, pierc'd ill-suited Hearts :
The steady Patriot, wise and brave,
Is to some giddy Jilt a Slave ;
The thoughtful Sage oft weds a Shrew ;
And Vestals languish for a Beau :

The

3

The fiery Youth's unguided Rage ;
The childish Dotages of Age ;
These, and ten thousand Follies more,
Are plac'd to injur'd CUPID'S Score.
As such, is LOVE by Realms ador'd,
As such, his giddy Aid implor'd :
Tho' oft the thoughtless Nymph, and Swain,
That su'd me thus, have su'd in vain.

YET, long insulted by Mankind,
Who from false Figures judg'd my Mind ;
And on me all the Faults have thrown,
They were themselves ashame'd to own ;
I from this Picture plainly see,
A Mortal can be just to me ;
That awful Sweetnes can display,
With which Angelic Minds I sway ;
With which I rule the Good on Earth,
And give exalted Passions Birth :

F f 2 The

The Form of Love, so long unknown;
At last by bright CHARISSA's shown:
Her Hand does ev'ry Beauty trace,
That can adorn a heav'nly Face;
And of my Graces more unfold;
Than ever Paint, or Verse, of old.

Now hear the God, whom Worlds revere,
What He decrees for Her, declare.

THOU, lovely Nymph! shalt shortly prove
Those Sweets, thou paint'st so well in Love:
Thou soon that charming Swain shalt see,
Whom Fate and I design for Thee;
His Head adorn'd with ev'ry Art,
With ev'ry Grace his glowing Heart,
That throbs with ev'ry fond Desire;
Thy Charms can raise, or LOVE inspire.
You from each other shall receive
The highest Joys I know to give:

(Tho'

(Tho' to thy Parents, long before,
I thought I empty'd all my Store)
While your exalted Lives shall show
A Sketch of heav'nly Bliss below;
The Bliss of ev'ry god-like Mind,
Beneficent to human Kind;
And I to Mortals shine confess'd,
Both in your *Paint*, and in your *Breast*.





To the Honourable Mrs. Spencer, on her
removing from Windsor to Rookly in
Hampshire.

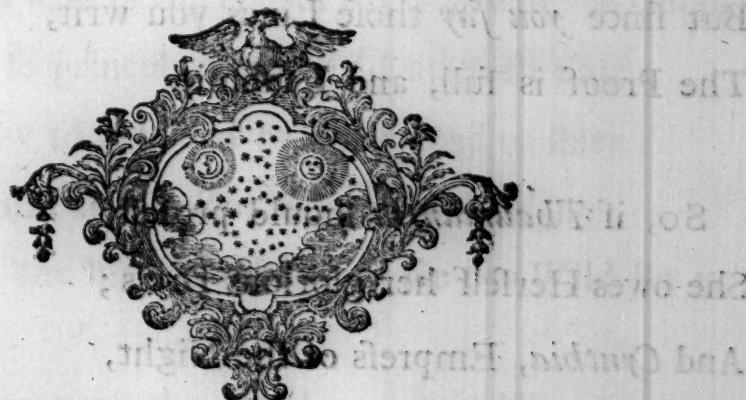
WHERE-EER you go, some Actions still we hear,
Which make the Goodness of your Mind appear.

Hibernia early saw those Seeds of Worth,
In your fair Breast, which now shoot nobly forth ;
Foresaw the Hopes you gave, matur'd by Time,
And griev'd to yield you to a happier Clime.
Tho' to the Height of all your Wifles bless'd,
Yet still your Sighs can rise for the Distress'd :
So young, so good ! GEORGINA, 'tis thy Fate,
To be admir'd, and lov'd in ev'ry State.

How

How does thy Manner to thy Words impart
Some wond'rous Pow'r to gain upon the Heart,
Engaging All! — *Beneficence* we see,
Tho' fair Herself, yet owing Charms to Thee:
O fitted Thou for SPENCER's Race, who scorn
To think they only for Themselves were born!

London, September
20. 1734.



To



*To a Gentleman, who shew'd a fine Poem
as his own.*

NO more at Criticks, Ned, repine,
Who say those Numbers are not thine.
I own I was suspicious too,
And thought the Verse too good for *You*:
But since *you say* those Lines you writ,
The Proof is full, and I submit.

So, if *Thaumantia* should profess,
She owes Herself her glorious Dress;
And *Cynthia*, Empress of the Night,
Declare she shines by native Light;
(Tho' envious Criticks vent their Gall)
I'd equally believe you all.

To



To the Right Honourable John Barber, Esq;
Lord Mayor of London, on committing
one of my Sons to his Care:

TO the late King of *Britain* a Savage was brought,
Which wild in the Woods of *Germania* was caught.
This Present so princely was train'd up with Care ;
And knew how to eat, and to jump, and to stare ;
The *Beaux*, and the *Belles*, beheld it with Joy ;
And at Court the high Mode was to see the Wild Boy.

REFLECTING on this, with a politic View,
I determin'd to send such a Present to You.
In the Wilds of *Hibernia* this Boy was beset,
And caught (as the Natives are there) in a Net :

G g

The

The Creature has Sense, and, in my Eyes, is pretty;
 With Talents to make a *good Man in the City ;
 Industrious, and orderly, prudent, and smart,
 And not too much *Conscience*, nor too little *Art* ;
 Not scrup'lous, but honest, a Heart set on Gain,
 Whose highest Ambition is fix'd on the *Chain*.

FROM You may he copy to wear it with Glory ;
 Like You, in Return — be honour'd in Story.

September 29. 1733.

* *The City-Phrase for a rich Man.*



Spoken



*Spoken extempore, to the Right Honourable
the Lady Barbara North, on her present-
ing the Author with a white Ribband at
Tunbridge-Wells.*

THIS Present from a lovely Dame,
Fair and unfully'd, as her Fame,
Shall to *Hibernia* be convey'd,
Where once, rever'd, her * Father sway'd ;
And taught the drooping Arts to smile,
And with his Virtues bles'd our Isle.

* Thomas late Earl of Pembroke.





*To his Grace the Duke of Buckingham
and Normanby, at the Camp before
Philipburg.*

RETURN, brave Youth! suspend thy Martial Fire,
Nor, like great BERWICK, in the Field expire.

ILLUSTRIOUS Exile! thou art gone at last;
Thy Toils, and various Dangers now are past:
The royal Blood, which flow'd in BERWICK's Veins,
Is now pour'd out on hostile German Plains:
But tho' in Dust thy mortal Part be laid,
Yet shall thy dear-bought Laurels never fade:
Tho' to a foreign Prince's Service ty'd,
You liv'd with Glory, and with Glory dy'd.

MUSE,

MUSE, look not back, nor vainly mourn the Fate,
Which robb'd *Britannia* of an Arm so great.

On the sad Scene may Princes turn their Eye ;
And from *Oppression's* fatal Footsteps fly ;
Of arbitrary Pow'r the Danger see,
To *British* Monarchs the *forbidden Tree* ;
Which, like the first, forbid by Pow'r divine,
Hurts not themselves alone, but taints their Line.

SHEFFIELD, since Martial Ardor fires your Breast,
Make *Albion* only in that Ardor blest ;
Nor yet by War alone exalt thy Name ;
Give Science her hereditary Claim :
Return, brave Youth ! your longing Country grace ;
Think what you owe *Britannia*, and your Race.



By



By a Person of Quality.

REMOTE from Strife, from urban Throngs, and
Here dwells my Soul amidst domestic Joys :
[Noise,
No rattling Coaches serious Thoughts annoy ;
Nor busy prating Fools my Peace destroy :
Wrapt up in all the Sweets of rural Ease,
My great Creator's Works my Senses please.
The Mind, in peaceful Solitude, has Room
To range in Thought, and ramble far from home.
Others may court the Joys which Princes give,
Whilst I, in sacred Silence, truly live.



Verſes



*Verses occasion'd by the Sickness of Mrs.
Anne Donnellan.*

I.

GODDESS of Health, where-e'er you dwell,
To *Philomela* fly ;
O hasten from your rural Cell,
Nor let the Fair one die.

II.

Again her Voice divine restore,
And give her Eyes their Fire ;
So shall a World thy Pow'r adore,
And raise thy Altars higher.

An

*An EPIGRAM.*

SINCE *Milo* rallies sacred Writ,
To win the *Title* of a *Wit* ;
'Tis Pity but he should obtain it,
Who bravely pays his *Soul* to gain it.

*On*



*On seeing an Officer's Widow distracted,
who had been driven to Despair, by a
long and fruitless Sollicitation for the
Arrears of her Pension.*

O Wretch ! hath Madness cur'd thy dire Despair ?
Yes — All thy Sorrows now are light as Air :
No more you mourn your once-lov'd Husband's Fate,
Who bravely perish'd for a thankless State.
For rolling Years thy Piety prevail'd ;
At length, quite funk — thy Hope, thy Patience fail'd :
Distracted now you tread on Life's last Stage,
Nor feel the Weight of Poverty and Age :
How blest in this, compar'd with those, whose Lot
Dooms them to Miseries, by you forgot !

H h

Now,

Now, wild as Winds, you from your Off-spring fly,
Or fright them from you with distracted Eye;
Rove thro' the Streets ; or sing, devoid of Care,
With tatter'd Garments, and dishevell'd Hair ;
By hooting Boys to higher Phrenzy fir'd,
At length you sink, by cruel Treatment tir'd,
Sink into Sleep, an Emblem of the Dead,
A Stone thy Pillow, the cold Earth thy Bed.

O Tell it not ; let none the Story hear,
Left Britain's Martial Sons should learn to fear :
And when they next the hostile Wall attack,
Feel the Heart fail, the lifted Arm grow slack ;
And pausing cry — Tho' Death we scorn to dread,
Our Orphan Off-spring, must they pine for Bread ?
See their lov'd Mothers into Prisons thrown ;
And unreliev'd in Iron Bondage groan ?

BRITAIN,

BRITAIN, for this impending Ruin dread;
Their Woes call loud for Vengeance on thy Head:
Nor wonder, if Disasters wait your Fleets;
Nor wonder at *Complainings in your Streets*:
Be timely wise; arrest th' uplifted Hand,
Ere Pestilence or Famine sweep the Land.



H h 2

To



*To Mrs. Mary Cæsar, upon seeing her just
after the Marriage of her Friend, the
Lady Margaret Harley.*

I.

I Read in your delighted Face,
The Nuptial Bands are ty'd :
From Me congratulate her Grace,
Young PORTLAND's lovely Bride.

II.

Tell her, an humble artless Muse
Would hail the happy Pair ;
But that, like Flow'rs by deadly Dews,
Her Strains are damp'd by Care.

III.

III.

Those whom the tuneful *Nine* inspire,
Have now a spacious Field :
To them I must resign the Lyre,
To none in Wishes yield.

IV.

May *Prudence* still the Fair attend,
Who, with distinguish'd Taste,
In CÆSAR early chose a Friend,
With ev'ry Virtue grac'd :

V.

Who back a thousand Years may trace,
And her Descent maintain,
From * ADEMAR's illustrious Race,
Ally'd to CHARLEMAIN.

* Sir Julius Ademar, descended from Baron Ademar, who was Count of Genoa in the Reign of Charlemain, added the Name of Cæsar to his own, by the Command of Queen Elizabeth, he being Grandson by the Female Line to the Duke De Cæsarini.

To



To Sophronia.

SOPHRONIA, all the World agree,
The Soul of Friendship dwells in Thee :
Let Envy other Gifts dispute,
Since here the *Fury* must be mute.
Without one vain, one venal View,
The Muse inscribes these Lines to you.
Tho' I thy Favour shall not share,
Thy Worth I'm destin'd to revere ;
And in SOPHRONIA must commend
The *firm disinterested Friend* :
To Virtue I this Homage pay ;
Rewarded, tho' you slight the Lay.

THOSE

THOSE who thy Favour once obtain,
Need not sollicit thee again ;
Nor ever at Neglect repine :
Their Wishes and their Cares are thine :
Nor at the Grave thy Friendship ends ;
But to Posterity descends.

HAIL, sacred *Friendship* ! seldom found,
Tho' sought for all the World around :
Say, Blessing of the peaceful Cell !
How cam'st thou in a *Court to dwell* ?



Advice

*Advice to the Ladies at Bath.**Written by a Lady.*

YE heedless Fair, who trifle Life away,
Let either * B R O W N L O W set your Notions right:
Be, like the Daughter, innocently gay ;
Or, like the Mother, prudent and polite.

* *Lady Elizabeth Brownlow, and her Daughter, now Lady Vesey.*

*To*



*To a Gentleman, who took a very grave
Friend of his, to visit one of quite a
different Turn.*

I Hope, Sir, by this you have found your Account,
In visiting *Airy*, and seeing his Mount:
If *Froth* can delight you, you're wonderous happy ;
And we know it gives Joy on a Bottle of *Nappy*.
Your Friend would be very much mended, in troth,
Should *Airy* bestow him a Dash of his *Froth*.
To keep up the Metaphor, 'twould make him *mellow*,
And, of a sour *Stoic*, a pleasant young Fellow ;
And *Airy* be recompens'd well for that Favour,
If your Friend, in Return, should make him grow graver.
This Exchange should they make, it would set 'em both
Since one is too *solid*, and t'other too *light*. [right ;

I i

To



*To a Lady, who valu'd herself on speaking
her Mind in a blunt Manner, which she
call'd being sincere.*

WELL you *Sincerity* display,
A Virtue wond'rous rare !
Nor value, tho' the World should say,
You're *rude*, so you're *sincere*.

To be *sincere*, then, give me leave,
And I will frankly own,
Since you but this *one* Virtue have,
'Twere better you had *none*.



*PROLOGUE to Theodosius: Spoken by
Athenais at the Theatre in Dublin, when
Lord and Lady Carteret were in Ireland.*

Written by Mrs. Grierson.

YOU look surpriz'd, in this deriding Age,
To find that Love dares venture on the Stage ;
Where you, of late, seem nothing to approve,
But what, in Men of Sense, Contempt must move ;
That after all your Concerts, Farces, Shows,
You must attend a dying Lover's Woes.

I KNOW you'll be amaz'd at what I mean,
In all my Height of Fortune to complain :
Ador'd by Monarchs, and an Emp'ror's Bride,
You'll say, I need not in a Fret have dy'd.

L i 2

Forbear ;

Forbear ; nor witless Jests on Love employ,
Alike unknowing in its Pain and Joy :
When you despise its Happiness, or Woe,
You but your Want of Sense, or Virtue, show :
Be humane then ; be touch'd with Scenes refin'd ;
Which, while they raise the Passions, mend the Mind :
And, by your Pity of my Woes To-night,
Convince the World, your Hearts are form'd aright.

OR, if you scorn to hear what I adyise,
Let great Examples teach you to be wise.
Lovers are not so out of Fashion here,
That *Athenais* blushes to appear :
As fam'd * a Pair adorns this Isle and Age,
As ever could each other's Heart engage ;
Endow'd with ev'ry Grace of Form and Mind,
To raise the Love and Wonder of Mankind ;

* *Lord and Lady Carteret.*

Tho'

Tho' bless'd with ev'ry Gift to merit Fame,
Their highest Glory is their mutual Flame ;
A Flame, like that my tender Bosom fir'd ;
But rul'd by Reason, and by Heav'n inspir'd ;
Their Love like mine, but diff'rent far their Fate ;
As happy they, as I unfortunate.
But my Distress had never reach'd the Stage,
Had Heav'n reserv'd me to the present Age :
None would have dar'd my Fondness to abuse,
Had I from beauteous WORSLEY learn'd to chuse ;
Nor I my Heart on rash VARANES set,
Had I, like her, but known a CARTERET.

*A Let-**b'night.*



A Letter to Mrs. Barber, at Tunbridge-Wells.

THOU glorious Ruler of the beauteous Day !
Have sev'nteen Years so swiftly roll'd away ?
Hast thou so oft the heav'nly Circle run,
When scarce I thought thy radiant Course begun ?
Never shall I my fleeting Time renew :
Must it all perish in one transient View ?
I wish —— Alas ! my Wishes are in vain :
Those flying Years they never can regain :
With rapid Haste *Old Time* the Moments drives ;
And scarce a Trace of Youth in Age survives :
So, when the weary'd Mortal sinks to Rest,
And ev'ry Tumult ceases in his Breast ;

Imagin'd

Imagin'd Scenes, and wish'd-for Views arise ;
A new Creation feeds his wond'ring Eyes ;
Till *Phœbus*, rising o'er the spangled Plain,
Recalls him from the bright, delusive Scene ;
With Grief he then perceives th' enchanting Sight,
The fleeting Creature of oblivious Night.

WHEN some fine Voice delights the raptur'd Heart,
By Nature pleasing, yet improv'd by Art ;
Tho' trembling each seraphic Sound decay,
And with melodious Cadence melt away ;
The faithful *Echo* still revives the Strain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning Ear again :
But Life, once vanish'd, will return no more ;
No mimic Thought its Presence can restore.

SAY then, my Soul, how must I now survey
So many Years, so quickly snatch'd away ?
Awake, my Muse ! Thou only canst impart
Ease to my Griefs, and heal the wounded Heart :

What

What Theme shall now employ my youthful Lays?
Say! Next to Heav'n, what Subject claims my Praife?
O impious Question! Dare I ask the Theme,
When a lov'd Parent does that Duty claim?
The Infant Tree, that, with judicious Care,
Some Hand defended from the piercing Air,
With cooling Streams reliev'd the burning Root,
Or lopp'd, with tender Skill, each fickly Shoot,
Soon as it learns the Tempest to despise,
And with diffusive Branches hides the Skies,
Gladly rewards the weary'd Peasant's Pains,
And loads the Parent Hand with annual Gains.

HASTE then, my Muse, SAPPHIRA is the Theme;
O strive, tho' vainly, to enhance her Fame:
Her Guardian Care did all my Griefs affuage,
Those sure Attendants of an Infant Age!
By her conducted to the Light of Truth,
I sail, unshipwreck'd, thro' the Storm of Youth:

The

The heav'nly Influence of her sage Advice
Points from afar the dang'rous Rocks of Vice ;
Shews, with discerning Eye, the blissful Plains,
Where Peace, eternal, with fair Virtue reigns.

O THOU, whom ev'ry Grace and Worth attends,
Thou best of Mothers, and thou best of Friends !
Indulgently accept these filial Lays ;
Accept thy Son's inartificial Praise :
May Heav'n restore thee to these Eyes again,
And safely waft thee o'er th' *Iernian* Main :
O quickly to my longing Eyes repair,
And ever blefs me with thy Guardian Care !

Dublin, August 28. 1731.
the Author's Birth-day.

Constantine Barber.

K k

To



*To the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth
Boyle, Daughter to the Right Honourable
John Earl of Orrery, on her Birth-day,
May 7. 1733:*

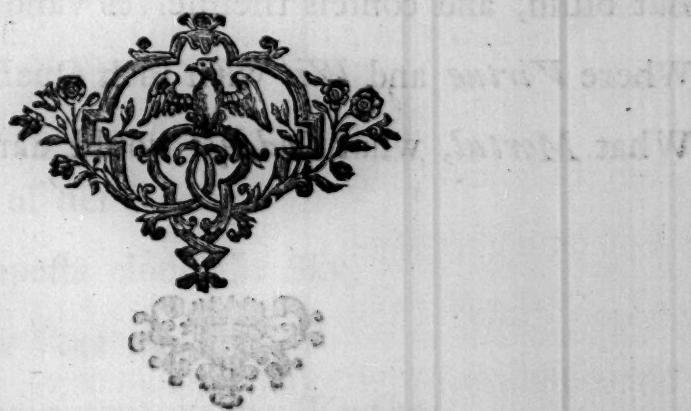
By the Same.

MAY each new Year some new Perfection give,
Till all the Mother in the Daughter live :
May'st Thou her VIRTUES to the World restore !
And be what *HENRIETTA was before !
And when revolving Years mature thy Charms,
When Pride of Conquest thy fair Bosom warms ;
May some great Youth, for ev'ry Grace renown'd,
With Tafte and Science bleſſ'd, by VIRTUE crown'd,

* Late Countess of Orrery.

Who

By VIRTUE guarded from Ambition's Wiles,
Superior both to Fortune's Frowns and Smiles ;
Who wears the Honours of a glorious Name,
Yet to Distinction bears a nobler Claim ;
Like a new Star, in native Lustre bright,
That boasts no Radiance from reflected Light ;
Allow'd the *rising Genius* of his Age ;
By ev'ry Excellence thy Heart engage ;
Like *Him* who bless'd thy Mother's *Nuptial State* ;
But O ! may Heav'n give *Thine* a longer Date.

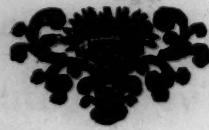




To Mrs. Frances-Arabella Kelly, with a
Present of Fruit.

By the Same.

THO' the *Plumb*, and the *Peach*, with *Apollo* con-
To present you their *Softness*, and *Sweetness*,
Their Aid is in vain ; for what can they do,
But blush, and confess themselves vanquish'd by you ?
Where *Virtue* and *Wit* with such Qualities blend,
What *Mortal*, what *Goddess* would dare to contend ?



Verſes



*Verses ty'd about a Fawn's Neck, which was
presented to a very young Lady, call'd by
her Friends the Ivory Maid.*

By the Same.

AS thro' this sylvan Scene I stray'd,
I saw and lov'd the *Iv'ry Maid* :
And hearing that she fled from Man,
I begg'd this Form of mighty P A N,
To try, by ev'ry winning Art,
To gain Possession of her Heart ;
When raging Tempests cloud the Sky,
Transported at her Feet to lie ;
When PHOE BUS brightens up the Weather,
To trip it o'er the Lawns together.

To



To Mrs. Barber.

By the Same.

New-Year's-Day, 1733.

SEE, the bright Sun renews his annual Course,
Each Beam re-tinges, and revives its Force ;
By Years uninjur'd, so may'ft thou remain,
Not Time from thee, but thou from Time may'ft gain.
O might the Fates thy vital Thread prolong,
And make thy Life immortal as thy Song !

LESS Lustre waits the God, when he refines
The rip'ning Metal in *Peruvian Mines* ;
Brightens the Crystal with transparent Day,
Or points the Diamond with its sparkling Ray ;

Than

Than when, delighted, he thy Soul inspires,
Informs thy Judgment, and thy Fancy fires ;
Assists thee striking out some bold Design,
And breathes immortal Honours on each Line :
In common as *His* Rays on all descend,
So *You* the Great delight, the Poor befriend :
As Heat productive *His* bright Beams bestow,
So, warm with Life, *your* pow'rful Numbers flow :
As *He* from Clouds bursts forth divinely bright,
So Envy sets *You* in a fairer Light :
Yet tho' thus far Similitude we see,
One Thing disturbs the wond'rous Harmony ;
With *faded Light* the Winter Sun appears,
Whilst You shine *brighter* in Decline of Years.





An APOLOGY to the Earl of Orrery, Dr. Swift, and some others of my Friends, for falling into Tears before them, on my leaving Ireland.

NOT *Persia's* Monarch could, unmov'd, survey
Those num'rous Hosts, which Time must sweep
[away.]
He wept Misfortunes of a distant Date ;
I mourn the Rigour of my instant Fate.
The dreaded Hour, approaching fast I see,
When you, alas ! will all be dead to me.
Then cease to wonder, if my Bosom rise,
And Tears, unbidden, rush into my Eyes.
'Tis thus, and only thus, a grateful Breast
Pours out those Thanks, which cannot be express'd.
For, O *Hibernia* ! when I quit thy Coast,
Such Friends I leave, as few could ever boast.

The



The Peacock. A TALE.

Inscrib'd, (*once at a Wedding*) to the Bashaws
of *Utopia*.

ONCE JUNO's Bird (as Authors say)
Was seiz'd on by some Birds of Prey :
They pluck'd his Feathers, one by one,
Till all his useful Plumes were gone ;
Stript him of ev'ry thing beside ;
But left his Train, to please his Pride.

SOME other Birds admir'd to see,
He tamely bore such Injury ;
And often on his Patience jok'd — —
He cry'd — *They must not be provok'd* :

L 1. a. am. 1. before I'm

258 P O E M S

I'm in their Pow'r, nor shall debate,
But yield to my unhappy Fate.

OFT in this Plight would he resort,
To where the *Eagle* kept his Court :
For, tho' oppres'd, he still was proud
To make his Bows among the Croud.

THE *Eagle*, gracious, saw him there ;
Which envious Courtiers could not bear ;
Well knowing, should he tread that Soil,
He would in time put in for Spoil.

As Tameness Injuries provokes,
In Birds, as well as mortal Folks ;
The *Peacock* they assault again,
And strip him of his glitt'ring Train.

ENRAG'D at this, he stampt and tore,
And quoted Precedents a Score,

That

That *Peacocks* ever were allow'd
To shew their Beauty to the Croud.

At this the haughty Courtiers sneer,
And cry, What Bus'ness have you here?
He had a Right, they plainly saw;
But let him know, *that Pow'r is Law,*

At length a *Pheasant* standing by,
Beheld him with a pitying Eye;
And said, You now begin too late,
To stem the Torrent of your Fate:
Yet are you not of all bereft;
For still a fair Retreat is left:
Why will you here neglected roam,
When you might be rever'd at home?





*To a Lady in the Spleen, whom the Author
was desir'd to amuse.*

WHY, lovely LELIA, so depress'd ?
With wonted Smiles your Eyes adorn ;
Drive gloomy Sorrow from your Breast,
And shine out, beauteous, as the Morn.

The fair PENDARVIS bid me try,
For you to tune my Lyre again,
To your lov'd Presence instant fly,
And sooth you with some joyous Strain.

But if PENDARVIS, born to please,
Does in her native Province fail,
Nor can your anxious Bosom ease ;
Alas ! how should my Muse prevail ?

Shall

3

Shall Heav'n, that form'd thee wond'rous fair,
Behold thee thus repining lie?
Dependent on that Guardian Care,
To blissful Prospects turn your Eye.

LE^LI^A, thy lovely Form survey,
Let blooming Beauty plead her Cause:
Her pow'rful Empire fleets away
Too soon, alas ! by Nature's Laws.





*On the Earl of Oxford and Mortimer's
giving his Daughter in Marriage in
Oxford-Chapel.*

SEE, in the Temple rais'd by HARLEY's Hand,
His beauteous Off-spring at the Altar stand :
There MORTIMER resigns his darling Care ;
To happy PORTLAND gives the blooming Fair.

WHERE had the Parent's Pray'r like Favour found ?
Where soar'd so high, as from that sacred Ground ?
What Bosom, but Devotion's Ardor feels,
When, at the Shrine he hallow'd, HARLEY kneels ?
At such a Sight superior Beings pleas'd,
To higher Notes their *Hallelujahs* rais'd.

To



*To her Grace the Dutches of Portland, with
the foregoing Lines.*

TIS theirs, who but to please aspire,
On Fiction to employ the Lyre ;
Make Gods and Goddesses display
The Splendor of the Nuptial Day.

To paint thee at the hallow'd Shrine,
A solemn, glorious Scene ! be Mine ;
Now lightly touch'd —— Some other Hour,
(If e'er the Cloud-dispelling Pow'r
Remove the Damps, that chill my Vein).
I'll trace the slight-drawn Lines again ;
Warm Col'ring on the Piece bestow,
Till Life shall from the Pencil flow.

LOVELY

LOVELY Bride ! with Bliss be crown'd,
Diffusing Happiness around :
Beneficent, like HARLEY, shine ;
Like HENRIETTA, grace your Line.



Verſes



*Verses written by Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, on
her drawing the Lord Boyle's Picture.*

IN vain with mimic Skill my Pencil tries
To paint the Life, that sparkles in those Eyes.
What Art, what Rules of Symmetry, can trace
That Air of Wit, that Bloom, and modest Grace?
What soft Degrees of Shade or Light express
The inward Worth, those speaking Looks confess?
'Tis more than Beauty here, that charms the Sight;
And gives our Souls an elegant Delight:
Were VIRTUE seen to mortal Eyes, she'd wear
Those peaceful Smiles, and that engaging Air.

FROOM, Oct. 6. 1734.

M m

Lord

*Lord Boyle's Answer to the foregoing Verses.*

NO Air of Wit, no beauteous Grace I boast ;
My Charms are native Innocence, at most.
Alike thy Pencil, and thy Numbers charm,
Glad ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Bosom warm.
Mature in Years, if e'er I chance to tread,
Where VICE, triumphant, rears aloft her Head,
Ev'n there the Paths of VIRTUE I'll pursue,
And own my fair and kind Director You.

*To*



*To Robert Barber Esq; Deputy to the
Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Court
of Exchequer, on his attending, whilst
his Son repeated GAY's Fable of the
Hare and Many Friends.*

WHILST GAY's unhappy Fate thy Ear attends,
Thy Heart, indignant, scorns his faithless Friends;
Thy gen'rous Heart, which never learnt the Way,
A Friend or to deceive, or to betray :
With Honour and Integrity so blest,
Not Law, infectious, can pollute thy Breast:
With Justice and Humanity endow'd,
You shine, distinguish'd, 'midst a venal Croud.



*Verses sent to a Lady, who took Delight in
ridiculing a Person of very weak Under-
standing, whom she reliev'd from Want.*

SHOULD you employ your Ridicule,
On those who Pity claim?
Think, *Birtha*, is the native Fool
For Wit a proper Theme?

On Vice your hum'rous Vein display;
'Tis meritorious there;
Or tow'ring Vanity allay;
But, O! Misfortune spare.

With

With Wisdom who endows the Brain,
To thy Remembrance call;
Nor, while the Wretched you sustain,
Tincture their Cup with Gall.



To



To Lady H—r, who ask'd, Had the
Author done writing Verses?

TELL me, my Patroness, and Friend,
Can Age *Parnassian* Heights ascend ?
Sweet Poesy's light Footsteps trace ?
Ah no ! I must give up the Chace :
When Time the Head hath silver'd o'er,
The dear Delusion charms no more.

BUT why hast thou, with Taste endow'd,
At PHOEBUS' Altar never bow'd ?
Shall Books engross thee all the Day ?
When, lo ! he waits to grace thy Lay.

On



*On seeing the Captives, lately redeem'd from
Barbary by His MAJESTY.*

A Sight like this, who can unmov'd survey?
A Impartial Muse, can'st thou with-hold thy Lay?
See the freed Captives hail their native Shore,
And tread the Land of LIBERTY once more:
See, as they pass, the crouding People press,
Joy in their Joy, and their Deliv'r'r bleſſ.

Now, SLAVERY! no more thy rigid Hand
Shall drag the Trader to thy fatal Strand:
No more in Iron Bonds the Wretched groan;
Secur'd, BRITANNIA, by thy Guardian Throne.

SAY, mighty PRINCE! can Empire boast a Bliss,
Amidst its radiant Pomp, that equals this?

To see the Captives, by thy Pow'r set free,
Their Supplications raise to Heav'n for Thee !

THE god-like Bounty scatters Blessings round,
As flowing Urns enrich the distant Ground :
No more shall Woes the fainting Heart destroy ;
The *House of Mourning* now is turn'd to *Joy* :
See Arms in Grief long folded up, extend,
To clasp a Husband, Brother, Kinsman, Friend :
See hoary Parents, tott'ring o'er the Grave,
A Son long-wail'd, to prop their Age, receive :
And, Have we liv'd to see thy Face ? they cry ;
O ! 'tis enough —— We now in Peace shall die :
O bleſſ'd be Heav'n ! and bleſſ'd, while Life remains,
Shall be the Hand, that has unbound thy Chains !

FORBEAR, my Muse ; know Art attempts in vain,
What Nature pictures to the Breast humane.

To

To *WAGER turn ; for WAGER raise thy Voice ;
To feed the Hungry, long has been his Choice,
And make the Heart, born down by Care, rejoice.

SAY, ye Luxurious, who indulge your Tafte,
And, by one Riot, might a Thousand feast ;
Do you not blush to see his Care to feed
The Captives by your Monarch's Bounty freed ?

THE bitter Cup of Slavery is past ;
But pining Penury approaches fast.

AND shall the § ROYAL RACE alone bestow ?
Shall not Compassion from the Subject flow ?

* Sir Charles Wager, who entertain'd the Captives at their coming to London, Nov. 11. 1734.

§ When the Captives attended his Majesty at St. James's in their slaveish Habits, to return Thanks for their Deliverance, his Majesty was graciously pleas'd to order 100 Guinea's to be distributed among them ; and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and the Princesses gave above 50 more.

N n

Shall

Shall not each free-born Briton's Bosom melt,

To make the Joys of Liberty more felt?

So, Albion, be it ever giv'n to thee,

To break the Bonds, and set the Pris'ners free.



To



*To a Lady, who commanded me to send her
an Account in Verse, how I succeeded in
my Subscription.*

HOW I succeed, you kindly ask ;
Yet set me on a grievous Task,
When you oblige me to rehearse
The Censures past upon my Verse.

THO' I with Pleasure may relate,
That many, truly good, and great,
With candid Eye my Lines survey,
And smile upon the artless Lay ;
To those with grateful Heart I bend —
But your Commands I must attend.

SERVILLA cries, *I hate a Wit* ;
 Women should to their Fate submit,
 Should in the Needle take Delight ;
 'Tis out of *Character* to write :
 She may succeed among the Men ;
 They tell me, *SWIFT* subscribes for *Ten* ;
 And some say, *DORSET* does the same ;
 But she shall never have my Name :
 Her Poetry has cost me dear ;
 When Lady *CARTERET* was here,
 The Widow *Gordon* got my Guinea ;
 For which I own myself a *Ninny*.

OLIVIA loses oft at Play ;
 So will not throw her Gold away.

THUS *SYLVIA*, of the haughty Tribe :
 She never ask'd me to subscribe,

Nor

Nor ever wrote a Line on me,
I was no Theme for Poetry !
She rightly judg'd ; I have no *Taste* —
For *Womens Poetry*, at leaft.

THEN FULVIA made this sage Reply ;
(And look'd with self-sufficient Eye :)
I oft have said, and fay again,
Verses are only writ by Men ;
I know a Woman cannot write ;
I do not fay this out of Spite ;
Nor shall be thought, by thoſe who know me,
To envy one ſo much below me.

SABINA, fam'd in Wisdom's School,
Allows I write — but am a Fool :
“ What ! — muſt our Sons be form'd by Rhyme ?
“ A fine Way to employ one's Time ! ”

ALBINO

ALBINO has no Gold to waste,
Far gone in the Italian Taste :
 He vows he must subscribe this Year,
 To keep dear *CARESTINI here ;
 Not from a narrow Party View ;
 He doats on *SENESINO too ;
 By Turns their Int'rest he'll espouse ;
 He's for the public Good, he vows ;
 A gen'rous Ardor fires his Breast.
 Hail, *Britain*, in such Patriots blest !

SAYS BELVIDERA, Since a Wit
 Or Friend or Foe alike will hit,
 Deliver me from Wits, I say ;
 Grant Heav'n, they ne'er may cross my Way !
 Besides, I oft have heard it hinted,
 Her Poems never will be printed :

* Two famous Italian Singers, zealously supported by different Parties.

Her Sickness is a Feint, no Doubt,
To keep her Book from coming out.

OF Wit, says CELIA, I'll acquit her ;
Then archly fell into a *Titter*.

A FEMALE Bard ! PULVILLIO cries ;
'Tis *possible* she may be wife ;
But I could never find it yet,
Tho' oft in Company we met :
She talks just in the common Way :
Sure Wits their Talents should display ;
Their Language surely should be bright,
Before they should pretend to write :
I'll ne'er subscribe for Books, says he ;
'Fore Gad, it looks like *Pedantry*.

HIGH-BORN BELINDA loves to blame,
On Criticism finds her Fame :

When-e'er

Whene'er *she thinks* a Fault she spies,
How Pleasure sparkles in her Eyes !
Call it not *Poetry*, she says ;
No — Call it *Rhyming*, if you please :
Her Numbers might adorn a Ring,
Or serve along the Streets to sing :
Stella and *Flavia's* well enough ;
What else I saw, was stupid Stuff ;
Nor Love nor Satire in her Lays,
Infipid ! neither pain nor please :
I promis'd once to patronize her ;
But on Reflection, I was wiser :
Yet I subscrib'd among the rest ;
I love to carry on a Jeſt.

BELINDA thus her Anger shows,
Nor tells the World, from whence it flows :
With more Success to wound my Lays,
She gilds the Dart with other Praife :

To her own Breast I leave the Fair,
Convinc'd I stand acquitted there.

AMANDA, your Commands, you see,
Tho' grievous, are obey'd by me.
What my Friends told me had been said,
Just as it came into my Head,
No matter for the Place or Time,
To shew your Pow'r, I tag with Rhyme:

Now let some News salute your Ear,
Tho' I have weary'd you, I fear:
Know, ----- has Vengeance vow'd,
And in the *Furies* Temple bow'd:
He but suspends his Wrath, he says,
Till he can criticise my Lays.
Malice, thy Rancour I expect,
And shall return it ----- with Neglect:
Go on, display your treasur'd Rage;
Invectives shall not blot my Page:

O o

What

What real Faults you note, I'll mend:
 So now your Efforts I attend;
 Taught early, DRYDEN, by thy Song,
 They ne'er forgive, who do the Wrong.

Now to the Muse I bid Adieu;
 Nor rail at her, as Poets do:
 Protected by the Good and Great,
 I'll not repine, but bless my Fate.

You, Madam, who your Sex adorn,
 Who Malice and Detraction scorn,
 Who with superior Sense are bless'd,
 Of ev'ry real Worth possess'd;
 With Eye indulgent view my Lays:
 You know to blame, but love to praise:
 You know my Faults, and know beside,
 I want not to be mortify'd.
 One Merit I presume to boast,
 And dare to plead but one at most:

The

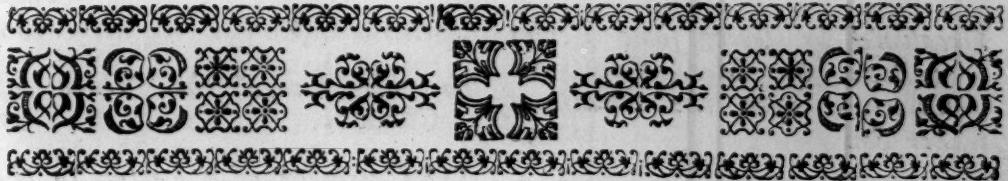
The Muse I never have debas'd ;
My Lays are innocent at leaft ;
Were ever ardently design'd
To mend and to enlarge the Mind.
This must be own'd a virtuous Aim.
The Praife of Wit — let others claim.

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Page 143. Line 1. for Mac-Cashel, read Mount-Cashel. Page 128. Line 12. for Sight, read Light.



INDIA



A circular library stamp from the University of Oklahoma Library, Norman, Okla. The outer ring contains the text "UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARIES" at the top and "NORMAN, OKLAHOMA" at the bottom. The center features a crest with a book, a torch, and a figure, surrounded by the words "LIBRARIES" and "UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA".

